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ALTA ISADORE GOULD.

FIFTH EDITION.

THE

VETERAN'S BRIDE.

AND OTHER POEMS.

STORIES OF THE LATE WAR.

BY

ALTA ISADORE GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

NO doubt but this little book will find a welcome in many households. The brave soldier's bride and other thrilling incidents of our late Civil War will be found full of interest. I had two years' experience in the war and can truly say that I have known and have seen counterparts of every scene represented that I have examined within these pages. I recall one instance of a comrade's marrying the self-sacrificing widow whose brave soldier husband was slain by his mistaken brothers. Another incident I can never forget. As the two opposing forces were about to engage in battle, a young Confederate soldier saw his brother within the Union ranks and said to his comrade, "Oh, don't shoot in that direction! brother George stands there! and then, pointing in another direction, "don't shoot that way, father is there!" "I'll shoot between them," was the reply.

I cried in the depths of my soul, "How long, O Lord! how long before we can cross over this red sea of blood into the promised land of peace, where brother shall be arrayed against brother no more forever?"

As our rhymist has herself married a brave and crippled soldier, she knows whereof she speaks.

I thank the Lord and take courage as I see the Grand Arbitration principle prevailing in so many nations and may it soon triumph! May the God of peace and love hasten the glad day when the glorious anthem that astonished and amazed the shepherds of Judea's hills at the birth of the world's Redeemer, shall reverberate from every mountain top, and every valley re-echo the heavenly refrain, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men!"

LAURA S. HAVILAND.

TO SOLDIERS,

THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF OUR COUNTRY,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

O O O

Brave Boys in Blue, your camp-fire song
Will soon be hushed, the shadows long
Will merge into the shades of night,
And soon you'll join the Boys in White.
For cruel time's relentless hand
Is thinning fast the gallant band,
And soon will sleep beneath the yew
The remnant of our Boys in Blue.

THE VETERAN'S BRIDE.

In Three Parts.

Introduction to Part First.

TRUTH is stranger far than fiction,
I have heard this from my youth;
But romance, in wildest diction,
Is not half as strange as truth.

I'll endeavor to convince you
That this thought is strictly true,
If you will but kindly follow
This my humble story through.

There are certain rights I crave not,
To a very great extent;
Let men vote and do the fighting,
I am perfectly content.

But let woman think profoundly,
Let her battle with her pen,
And assert her claim to genius,
On an equal plane with men.

Woman, too, can tell a story
Just as well as any man,
Unless we except, it may be,
Now and then a veteran.

And, although the tale I've written
May seem overdrawn to you,
Stranger things befel, remember,
Many a gallant boy in blue.

PART FIRST.

Chapter I.

IN a pleasant rural district
Of our own dear native state,
Lays the scene of this, my story,
Which I carefully relate.

Where the wheatfields stretched in greenness
O'er a country wondrous fair,
And the breath of sweet old orchards
Filled the clear and ambient air,

Peopled by old-fashioned farmers,
Men who made no great pretense,
Patriotic, loyal, honest,
Blest with good sound common sense,

Dwelt our hero and heroine,
Who were neither great nor grand,
But just quiet, honest people,
Happy tillers of the land.

True, a modest pride they cherished,
That they sprung from worthy stock,
For they traced direct their lineage
Back to grand old Plymouth rock.

Matthew Henry and his consort
Were a happy loving pair;
Matthew, tall, of noble bearing,
Jennie, gentle, sweet and fair.

Margaret, their little daughter,
Was the sunshine of their home,
And they lived in sweet contentment,
Dreaming not that harm could come.

They saw not the cloud of discord
Which was now so soon to break
Over our devoted country
And such awful havoc make.

But when boomed the guns of Sumter,
Which were echoed far and wide,
Then were loyal hearts unnumbered,
Fired by patriotic pride,

Ready to repel the treason
Threat'ning now the nation's life,
And to Lincoln's call responding,
Volunteered to join the strife.

And the Matthew of our story
Joined at once the gallant band,
Rushing promptly to the rescue
Of our now unhappy land;

And, he sought his native village,
Where in boyhood he had played,
And, in ringing, loyal speeches,
Now his country's need portrayed.

Like the music of the clarion,
Or the thrilling bugle note,
Were the burning words he uttered;
As upon the air they float

They arouse his honest hearers,
For their hearts are loyal too,
They can make but one decision
What a patriot should do.

And, at once, they rally round him,
Eager to commence the fray,
Bound to lose, in hesitation,
Not another precious day.

Soon a company enlisted,
Matthew Henry at its head;
Then, returning to his fireside,
He to Jennie softly said—

"Darling wife, I soon must leave you,
For our country calls for men,
And no one, with truth, shall ever
Say a Henry faltered when

"She was calling for assistance
In a great and righteous cause,
Or has basely shrank from duty
While a foe defied her laws."

Jennie heard with resignation
Words which rent her loving heart,
And with self-control heroic
Saw him hastening to depart.

Thus to country's cause, her daughters
Truest loyalty displayed,
And in silent grief and anguish
Priceless sacrifices made.

Though these men, their homes were leaving
For long months, perhaps for years,
Few the days, they gave to grieving,
Few to vain regrets and fears.

Well we knew that of their number,
Many loyal hearts, and true,
Would be stilled, and now their loved ones
Listened to their last adieu.

At the hour for final parting,
Matthew came to Jennie's side,
In whose wildly throbbing bosom,
Mingled tenderness and pride.

One last kiss he gave his baby,
Took a fond farewell of wife,
And upon his country's altar
Laid his honor and his life.

CAPTAIN HENRY LEAVING FOR THE BATTLEFIELD.

"One last kiss he gave his baby
Took a fond farewell of wife."

Chapter II.

Just how eagerly the papers
Now were looked for, seized and read,
Only those can well remember
Who perused with fear and dread.

And in homes, what desolation
Has their columns often wrought!
Oh, how many hearts been broken
By the messages they brought!

But as Jennie watched their record,
Oft her heart with pride was thrilled,
As she learned her noble husband
Had so well his trust fulfilled.

Valorous was he in battle,
Loved by all in his command;
None had ever led more wisely,
Or a braver little band.

Jennie had her little weakness,
As have mortals, one and all,
While so fondly proud of Matthew,
She forgot that he might fall.

Though unbounded the devotion
Of this loyal little wife,
Still her dreams were of promotion
Which might crown her husband's life.

Chapter III.

It was after dreadful carnage,
Which had thinned our bravest ranks,
One of those dire, useless conflicts
Where the officers were cranks,

When among our fallen heroes,
The dispatches briefly said,
That the gallant Captain Henry
Was reported to be dead.

True, they had not found his body,
But his comrades saw him fall;
And upon that little household
Fell the tidings like a pall.

Oh, the bright dreams now are over!
And the night of grief is come,
Jennie, broken-hearted Jennie!
Sits within a darkened home.

CAPTAIN HENRY FALLS IN BATTLE WHILE LEADING HIS COMPANY.

Introduction to Part Second.

'TIS sad to think that wars will come
To wreck and rob the sacred home,
And all the cherished ties of life
Be sacrificed to blood and strife.

But thus it is, has always been,
Since Cain first steeped his soul in sin,
And raised his fratricidal hand,
Bloodshed and war have cursed the land.

O blessed day! when we shall see
The dawn of earth's grand Jubilee;
When envy, malice, strife shall cease,
And reigns o'er all the Prince of Peace.

PART SECOND.

Chapter I.

BUT, while I ponder and reflect,
My humble story I neglect;
I will the broken thread resume,
Lest on your patience I presume.

Three years have passed o'er Jennie's head
Since peace her snowy pinions spread
Once more above our native land.
Time touched her with no gentle hand,
For on that fair and comely face
Has sorrow plainly left its trace.
Her eyes are sadly dimmed by tears
She shed in these dark, lonely years.
But for her child she fain would die,
And lay life's heavy burden by,

Find in the silent grave repose
And blest release from earthly woes.
But she reflects, to her was given
This child, the choicest gift of heaven,
For her to train and guide in youth
In paths of purity and truth.

Her Maggie is a lovely child
Of winning sweetness when she smiled;
She had her father's eye of blue
And clustering curls of sunny hue;
A joyous little sprite is she
And seems just bubbling o'er with glee.

Though still too young to sympathize
With grief that dims her mother's eyes,
Her witching ways and merry mood
Oft do the mother untold good;
And Jennie, for her daughter's sake,
Strove from her lethargy to wake,
To less indulge in sorrow wild,
And make life pleasant for her child.
In blessing others all are blest,
And Jennie's aching heart found rest,

And learned in time this truth to know,
That life could blessings still bestow;
Learned that she had in heaven a friend
Whose love and care could never end,
And is submissive to His will,
That He would guide and bless her still.
Again a peaceful smile she wore
And mingled with the world once more.

Jennie, though always frugal, still
Had little monetary skill.
Her simple wants had been supplied
By funds which Matthew laid aside,
At length these failed, her farm was tilled
But poorly, and by hands unskilled;
And now the fear of want supplies,
The complement of miseries.

A thing of beauty is the vine
Seen round some firm support to twine,
But often are its tendrils torn
And the frail growth is downward borne
As the firm prop is rent away
And prostrate, without strength or stay,

Lies all this beauty which we prize
Unable from the dust to rise.

Like and unlike the clinging vine
Was this brave heroine of mine;
She leaned on Matthew's stronger arm,
Nor never dreamed that want could harm,
Till when in battle he was slain,
And she, o'erwhelmed with grief and pain,
Now seemed in her extreme distress
To sink in utter helplessness.
But grief indulged from day to day
Soon saps the energies away,
While no relief it gives, the mind
Is for life's duties disinclined.
When Jennie came this truth to see
She fought her fate heroically,
And rising with a purpose stern
Soon made her home-light brightly burn.

Her mind had carefully been trained,
At an Ann Arbor school she gained,
Like many daughters of our state,
The honors of a graduate.

Her knowledge to account she turned,
Soon with her pen a sum she earned,
Which with the rent, amply supplied
Their needs, and luxuries beside.
Thus she wrought on with hand and brain,
And found in labor, ease for pain.

And now the busy days went by,
It seemed to Jennie, rapidly.
Her Margaret had reached the age
When she in study must engage,
Nor longer all her time be spent
In play, and now to school was sent
While Jennie spent long lonely days
Missing her daughter's sunny ways.

Chapter II.

Near Jennie's modest little home
A quiet man had lately come
And bought the farm and residence
Which once was owned by Joseph Spence.
Joseph for country gave his life,
And grief soon killed his frail young wife;
His children to an uncle went
Who left the farm for sale or rent.
But war had thinned the ranks of men,
And many farms were vacant then;
Thus had it been with Joseph's place
'Till purchased by Nathaniel Mace.

The man whose name now first appears
Had been a wanderer for years;
But lately left a foreign shore
And sought his native land once more,
And in the humble tale we trace
His name will fill an honored place.

An orphan he was early left
Of every kindred tie bereft,
Except some cousins in the West.
Nathaniel, with a vague unrest,
While still a youth had left his home
For years in foreign lands to roam.
He sought all lands which tourists seek,
And learned their languages to speak;
He saw all sights which tourists see,
Listened to foreign minstrelsy,
And yet the land which gave him birth
Still seemed the fairest spot on earth;
His mother tongue had still for him
More music than cathedral hymn.

Yearning to see his home once more
He left, at length, the distant shore
And now, a lonely homesick man,
Had drifted into Michigan.

His destination the far West,
But tarrying for awhile to rest
At Thorndale, lying in his way
He lingered on from day to day.

Won by the beauty of the place,
Our traveler, Nathaniel Mace,
Tired of the roving life he led,
Purchased the farm, as we have said,
And there, his weary wanderings past,
He found a peaceful home at last.

His farm soon blossomed like the rose,
He found good friends and made no foes,
And seemed in every way to be
A man of strict integrity.
His neighbors held him in esteem,
And his success was oft their theme;
His friends had often seemed perplexed,
And some good wives were fairly vexed
To think that such a man as he
A staid old bachelor should be.

But at his warm and honest heart
Cupid had never aimed a dart;
Of women he was somewhat shy,
He hardly knew the reason why;
Perhaps he had not met his fate,
But it was getting rather late,

For he was now in middle life,
With every comfort, but a wife.
There lived within his neighborhood
A score of maidens, fair and good,
But to their charms he seemed too blind,
Their flattering coquetries to mind,
And plodding on from day to day,
He calmly went his lonely way.

Of books he had a goodly store
And seemed to prize them even more
Than crops or stock or meadow land;
One often saw him, book in hand,
Deeply intent on farming lore,
Or conning some rare poem o'er.
His books were his companions sweet
And seemed to make his life complete.

One neighbor gravely shook his head,
"A farmer student this," he said,
"Although the man I much respect
I fear he will his farm neglect."
But for such fear there was no ground,
As everybody shortly found,

For while he read and studied much
Everything prospered 'neath his touch.
A quiet smile his face o'erspread
When told of what his neighbor said,
He pleasantly replied at once,
"A farmer need not be a dunce."

Chapter III.

And such a man was he who came
And settled near our little dame,
While Jennie rightly judged that he
A valued neighbor was to be.
He saw her daily toiling hard
And had for her a kind regard;
"Poor little woman," and he sighed,
"Tis sad her husband should have died
And left her in this cruel plight,
Life's battles all alone to fight."

He often loaned her books to read,
Thought this the kindest thing, indeed,
Which he could do, "for oft," said he,
"Books are the best of company."
She, too, was very fond of books,
And thanked him with such grateful looks,
He deemed himself more than repaid
For the slight efforts he had made.

Months passed, their friendship grew apace,
And brighter grew each earnest face,
So calmly did their lives glide on,
'Twere hard to tell when they begun
To cherish sentiments so sweet
That life was rendered more complete,
At least, for him whose manly heart
Had, until now, remained apart
From everything akin to love;
For him the stars which gleamed above,
Studding the azure skies at night,
Seemed sparkling with an added light,
And birds which sang in sylvan shade
For him a sweeter music made.

Nathaniel Mace was now in love;
In such eccentric orbits move
This passion of the human heart,
Defying every rule and art,
That he who fled from maidens' wile
Was conquered by the widow's smile,
Cherished for her a love so true
That, with the latest breath he drew,

It burned as constant, pure and bright,
As when he yielded to its might.

No thought did Jennie entertain
That she could ever love again;
Her heart had long been buried deep
In Matthew's nameless grave to sleep,
Till she from earth should pass away
And join him in an endless day.
True, she had friendship, firm and strong
For this kind friend who came along
And threw upon her lonely way
One bright, illuminating ray
That often cheered her lonely life;
The thought that she might be his wife
Had entered not her busy brain;
He came and went, then came again
Bringing her music, books and flowers
And spending many happy hours.

With Maggie he had friendship made;
The two would wander 'neath the shade,
And laugh and chat and be as gay
As two small children at their play.

For her he always had a smile
Which would her childish woes beguile;
To him the wilful little sprite
Was like a ray of sunshine bright.

A very timid man was he,
As bachelors are apt to be,
It would require an effort great
For him to speak and learn his fate.
Should this love fail to crown his life
No woman e'er should be his wife,
This to himself he oft would say,
Then wait a more auspicious day.
At length, he summoned courage up
To learn, for him what filled life's cup,
Held it a draught of love's delight?
Or one his happiness to blight?

One evening, when his work was done,
And down the west had dropped the sun
Into a sea of molten gold,
And twilight waited to enfold
The sweet old earth in robe of gray,
Nathaniel took his thoughtful way

To Jennie's charming home once more,
Pondering the weighty question o'er.

He found the mother and her child,
Engaged in frolic gay and wild,
But Jennie paused on seeing him
And was again a matron prim.

Nathaniel sat down quietly
And took the child upon his knee,
He spoke of crops and weather fine,
Told of an accident at a mine,
And wandered on from theme to theme,
Like vagrant thought in troubled dream,
But not a word could find to say
Of what had filled his mind all day.

At length he paused, while all was still
The blithe song of the whip-poor-will
Floated upon the evening air
And seemed to him an omen fair.

Maggie had fallen fast asleep,
And now her breathing, full and deep,

Roused Jennie from a reverie,
"I'll put the child to bed," said she.
Nathaniel, growing bolder, said,
As he caressed the golden head
And kissed the fair and childish brow,
"Oh, do not take her from me now,
Give her to me, to cheer my life,
And let her mother be my wife;
You hold the first love of my heart,
I cannot live from you apart."

He spoke in such impetuous way
That Jennie knew not what to say;
At length she spoke with tremb'ling voice,
"I am surprised at this, your choice,
I long your friendship have esteemed,
Of aught like this I never dreamed."

With heart and brain in tumult wild
She gently raised the sleeping child,
Strove, as she robed her for repose,
Her agitation to compose,
And when again she sought the room,
Nathaniel hastened to resume.

"This may come suddenly to you,
To me the thought is nothing new;
This time may not be opportune,
Perhaps I've spoken quite too soon,
To me it seems I've waited long,
I will be patient, brave and strong,
And no decision you may make
My firm regard will ever shake."

A kind, "good night," and he was gone,
Jennie sat musing there alone;
She knew this man who sought her hand,
Possessed a nature good and grand,
That he would be a husband true,
A father to her daughter, too.

Matthew, she never could forget!
She seemed, indeed, to see him yet.
The hot tears gathered one by one,
While thinking of the loved one gone
To a nameless grave in Southern soil;
Then came to mind the years of toil
Which she in loneliness passed through,
The darkest hours one ever knew,

A long and dreary, starless night
With scarce a single ray of light
Till this friend came and day by day
Spoke cheering words in kindly way.
How could she send him from her now?
A warm flush mantled cheek and brow,
As at the thought of losing him,
Again her eyes with tears grew dim,
I doubt not his sincerity—
Perhaps I better bid him stay.

But little sleep had she that night,
And rising with the morning light,
Resumed her daily tasks and tried
Calmly to wait the evening-tide,
For well she knew when work was o'er
He'd seek again her cottage door.

Chapter IV.

The evening came so sweet and cool,
The little maid, tired out at school,
Reposed upon her snowy bed;
The mother sat, with drooping head,
Praying there might be no mistake
In the grave step she thought to take.

As thus she sat, Nathaniel came
An answer to his suit to claim,
And they talked long and solemnly
Of what the future was to be.
She said the tender love of youth,
She could not promise him in truth,
Like that which she so freely gave
To him who fills a soldier's grave,
And felt a sorrowful concern,
His love should meet so poor return;
Said he deserved a better fate,
Than choose a heart so desolate.

Nathaniel said, " Give me the right
To make your future calm and bright;
I ask no better fate to know
Than win the love you may bestow.
I've traveled much, in many a clime,
Seen lovely maidens in my time,
But in your own fair face I see
The bright star of my destiny."

So 'twas arranged between the two
That they should walk life's journey through
Together, treading hand in hand,
Its pathway to a better land.
Nathaniel said, the early fall
Must see them settled at the hall.

The autumn came with golden store
Of grain and fruit, the soft winds bore
Across the meadows sweet perfume,
Unrivaled by the breath of June.
The wedding day was drawing near,
Forgotten now was Jennie's fear,
Nathaniel's face a bright smile wore,
For his misgivings all were o'er;

His heart with sweet emotions thrilled,
His cherished hope would be fulfilled.

Jennie wished the affair to be
Conducted with simplicity,
And he, respecting her request,
Said it should be as she thought best.
So it was settled that a few
Intimate friends the rite should view.
Thus Jennie with her sweet fair face
Was wedded to Nathaniel Mace.

They left the modest little home,
Which dear to Jennie had become,
The tiny cottage which she loved,
And to Nathaniel's mansion moved,
Which he enlarged and beautified
For the reception of his bride.

"Now, Jennie," said the thrifty Mace,
"I'll put a good man on your place,
And when our Maggie is of age,
She'll have a goodly heritage."

A happy family they proved,
Never was wife more dearly loved,
And Maggie said, in childish glee,
That she was happy as could be.

A father's care she had not known
And to Nathaniel as her own,
She turned in childish trust and love
Which could not fail his heart to move,
And never to his dying day,
Did he that childish trust betray.

Two years of sweet, contented life,
Pass o'er Nathaniel and his wife,
And now their hearts are closer bound,
By a new tie but lately found,
A baby boy has come to them,
The rarest, fairest, brightest gem
That ever fell to human lot.
Their home always a sacred spot
Has now an added tie to bind
Them to each other, and mankind.
A very happy man is Mace
And fairly radiant is his face.

This cherished baby finely throve
Beneath their watchful care and love;
The sister hast'ned tasks to learn,
That she the sooner might return
To where the winsome baby boy
Would greet her with a smile of joy.
'Twas soon her task, when days were bright,
To guide his little feet aright;
And patiently, from day to day,
She taught him pretty words to say,
And an attachment, strong and true,
Between the children daily grew.

Chapter V.

The parents went, one summer day,
To make some purchases at A—
Leaving the child in Maggie's care;
They were a pretty loving pair,
And in a deep arm-chair they sat,
Filling the time with merry chat,
Till it grew near his hour for rest,
And sleep the little eyes oppressed,
Then she arose, with careful tread,
And placed him in his cradle bed;
Then sitting by his side to read,
Of other objects took no heed.

She noticed not a man who lay
Beneath the trees across the way.
Weary was he and travel worn,
His army blue was soiled and torn;
Arising very slowly he
Now leaned against the nearest tree,

And standing there beneath the oak,
Thus, softly to himself, he spoke.
"Well, they are gone, I'm truly glad!
It seemed awhile I must go mad,
I'm very thirsty, and I think
I'll venture now and ask for drink."
He crossed the road with effort great,
Then pausing leaned upon the gate.
Unnoticed still was his approach,
By the small maiden on the porch.

He stood and gazed upon the scene,
The farmhouse white embowered in green,
The vine-wreathed porch and occupants,
Like one by vision fair entranced;
Then such a look came to his eyes,
As Adam wore when Paradise
Behind him closed and he must roam
Forever from his Eden home.
Then reverently he bowed his head,
"God bless them all," he softly said.

A glance, and Maggie dropped her book,
Sprang to her feet with startled look,

For she had seen the man at last;
Her heart with fear beat loud and fast,
Why, thought she, should he stand and wait,
Leaning so idly on the gate?
Was he a tramp from some great town?
And would he burn their buildings down?
Or could he know the folks were gone,
And she and baby there alone?
With fears like these her musings swarm,
Until she notes his uniform;
A Union soldier he has been,
Thought Maggie, with a troubled mien;
She had been told that very day
Always to turn a tramp away.

A soldier cannot be a tramp,
Mused she, and then her eyes grew damp,
My father was a soldier too,
We should befriend the boys in blue.
"I'll just go to the gate," said she,
"Perhaps he's hungry, I will see."

She spoke to him respectfully,
He said he came from far that day,

Was tired and thirsty, too, as well,
He scarce the rising tears could quell;
"Come in and rest, sir," Maggie said,
And to the house the way she led;
Then she invited him inside,
The farmhouse door was open wide,
But he declined and said 'twere best
Within the charming porch to rest.
So Maggie, giving him a chair,
A cooling drink went to prepare.

He was so thankful and polite,
The girl had quite forgot her fright,
And when he asked in quiet way
Her name and age, without delay,
Or thought of any indiscretion,
She freely answered every question.

"My name is Margaret Henry, sir,
My father in the Civil War
Was killed in battle, I've been told,
When I was only three years old.
My age is twelve, and baby Fred
Will soon be two years old," she said.

"We had a lovely little place,
Till mamma married Mr. Mace,
But then we thought it best to come
Here to this larger, better home."

The stranger, rising suddenly,
"I must be going now," said he,
"I still have many miles to go,
And travel very, very slow."

"Your home, is it so far away,
And will you reach it, sir, to-day?"

"I have no home," the man replied,
"'Twere well had I in battle died;
But now, good-by, 'tis growing late."
And he passed through the garden gate.

As Maggie watched him out of sight,
She thought, he should have stayed all night.
Just then the baby claimed her care,
She took him to an easy chair,
Where they together rocked and sung
Until the room with music rung.

The Maces now returned from town,
Just as the sun was going down,
And Maggie, with a childish shout,
Declared they'd bought Arbela out.
So busy now with parcels brought,
The stranger vanished from her thought
Till they were seated at their tea,
Then it recurring suddenly,

"Mamma," said she, "while you were gone
A poor sick soldier came along,
He leaned upon the garden gate
And there he seemed to hesitate
Whether 'twere better to come in;
He was so weary, pale and thin,
That I was not at all afraid,
But bade him rest here in the shade,
And gave him lemonade to drink,
Was it wrong, mamma, do you think?"

"Had he not been a soldier, dear,
You would have shrank from him in fear,
Perhaps his story was not true,
A rogue might wear a coat of blue."

"He told no story, mamma, dear,
But only sat and rested here.
He was so kind and courteous too,
I know he was a soldier, true."

"Sound argument," Nathaniel said,
"I doubt not but the truth you read,
And he a soldier, 'honor bright,'
My little girl, you did just right."

Chapter VI.

Tiresome, indeed, and useless too,
'Twould be to follow details through,
Their lives flow on so smoothly now,
And tame is farm life, all allow.

Nathaniel added to his store
Of wealth each season, more and more.
Some said it puzzled them to know
Why he was always prospered so.
He could have told them that much lies
Within the books which they despise.
He learned to work the wisest way,
And therein all the secret lay.

Maggie was gaining wisdom, too,
With school life she would soon be through,
At college she had gained a store
Of musical and classic lore,

And soon the happy time would come
When she could be once more at home.

Thus time slipped quietly away,
Till suddenly there dawned a day,
So full of anguish and despair,
Would I recital could forbear.

The old farmhouse was hushed and still;
Nathaniel Mace was very ill,
And growing worse from day to day,
Fever was burning life away;
In spite of the physicians' skill,
He lower sank, and lower still,
Till Jennie, filled with anxious fears,
Summoned the famous Dr. Sears,
Nathaniel's friend, and thought the best
Physician living in the West.

He watched the patient night and day,
And soon he learned, to his dismay,
That the death-angel even now
Laid icy hand upon his brow,
And calling Jennie told her so,
Said nothing could avert the blow.

No need had he this truth to tell,
For she already knew it well;
She knew the faithful heart which beat
With love so constant, pure and sweet,
Would soon be still, with sorrow strown,
The pathway she must tread alone.

Within his room the husband lay,
And calmly breathed his life away,
And heeded not the anxious prayer
Of one who knelt heart-broken there.
All through that long and dreadful night,
She held his hand so limp and white,
And light of morning, cold and gray,
Fell on a form of lifeless clay.

The old home wore a mournful air,
For aching hearts were beating there;
But let our griefs be what they will,
We must our destiny fulfill;
We may not lay our burdens down,
Because the storm-clouds darkly frown,
For till life's evening shadows fall,
Is labor still required of all.

And now our friends took up the thread
Of busy life, they mourned the dead,
Still there was much which they must do,
Their duties many, strange and new.
Jennie said that the farm would be
To Fred a valued legacy.
True there was money laid away,
Which would be his some future day,
But still she wished the farm to thrive
As when Nathaniel was alive,
And to accomplish this desire,
She strove more knowledge to acquire,
That she might better fitted be,
The management to oversee.

Maggie, who studies music still,
Acquires each day a greater skill,
The organ keys, touched by her hand,
Respond with music rich and grand,
While to its tones a voice she lends
In which great power with sweetness blends.

Jennie in work still comfort finds,
A solace this for troubled minds,

Sure it to her has been a boon,
For health and vigor crown life's noon.
Gray threads are in the sunny hair,
But Jennie for her years is fair;
A life of mingled sun and storm
Has left her heart still young and warm,
And happy in her children's smile,
We now will leave her for a while.

Introduction to Part Third.

TO you, gentle reader, whose patience supreme
Has served you to follow my somber-hued theme,
I promise a respite, ere farther we go,
From numbers o'erburdened with sorrow and woe.

Our hearts have grown sick of a grief-laden strain,
And beat not responsive to measures of pain;
Our harpstrings no longer to sorrow shall wake,
But hope, joy and gladness the silence shall break.

And you, still pursuing the drift of my song,
Shall, basking in sunshine, be floated along,
And all which breathes sadness be hushed for a time,
While sweet wedding bells peal a beautiful chime.

PART THIRD.

Chapter I.

FOUR years have swiftly passed away:
How fares it with our friends to-day?
Time writes his signature on all;
His hand on some will lightly fall;
Thus has it been with these our friends,
A smiling heaven above them bends,
No cause have they in these late years
For harrowing grief or bitter tears,
As all is peace and harmony,
And clear the azure of their sky.

The baby, now a sturdy boy,
His loving mother's pride and joy,
Is growing into goodness rare
Beneath her wise and patient care.

Margaret the maiden, fair and good,
Grown to a glorious womanhood,
Fulfills the promise of her youth,
The soul of modesty and truth,
Her form is one of perfect grace,
And bright her sweet and lovely face;
Her eyes of blue with kindness beam,
Emitting now and then a gleam
Of the old roguish willfulness,
Which makes one love her none the less.
A wreath of curling golden hair
Surmounts a brow as smooth and fair
As ever was possessed by maid
In terraced hall or sylvan glade.

Now you surmise, without a doubt,
That others too, have found this out.
I will confess that this was true,
For she has suitors not a few;
But at nineteen this girl we see
Still quite heart whole and fancy free.

One morning in the month of May,
On a delightful Sabbath day,

When every bird voice was in tune,
And the air sweet with fruit tree bloom,
Jennie and those within her care,
Departed for the house of prayer.

St. Mark's at Thorndale, they attend,
The rector is an old time friend,
And at her many friends' desire,
Maggie had lately joined the choir.

Charmed by the beauty of the day,
The party loitered on the way,
And nearly late, with blushing face,
Maggie this morning took her place.

Service was near the close before
She glanced the congregation o'er,
She then observed a tall young man—
And thus her hurried musings ran,
A stranger he must be in town,
A relative, perhaps, of Brown,
He sure an honored guest must be,
Sits with the Judge himself, I see.
They now commence the sacred hymn,
At once all worldly thoughts grow dim,

As taking her accustomed part,
She joined in praise with all her heart.
The sweet old music rose and fell
In grand, sublime, majestic swell,
The melting strains seemed to extend,
And with the benediction blend
As the man of God in reverent way,
Thus closed the service of the day.

Chapter II.

Here in this quiet country town
Lived rich, respected, old Judge Brown;
Reticent, gloomy and severe,
And often looked upon with fear.
Beside his sweet-faced little wife,
He had few real friends in life;
While his integrity all knew,
Still he was liked by very few.
He had no child his love to claim,
And sterner every year became.
Perhaps he was not quite as cold
As many stories that were told,
Would make the worthy man appear,
Rumors are often false, I fear.

One day as guest to this Judge Brown,
A relative had come to town,
A nephew he had never known,
An only sister's only son.

This nephew, Sterling Gray, was now
A student, and his pallid brow
Betokened such unceasing toil
As might its very object foil.
This caused his mother anxious fear,
She said, "You are not well, my dear,
Just lay these tiresome books away
And take a restful holiday."

She called her old physician in,
Who said, "You do look pale and thin,
Just rusticate a month or two,
And you'll return as good as new.
You've pored o'er books too much at night
And need a dose of good sunlight;
It would be well for you," he said,
"To use your limbs and rest your head,
Do anything that comes to hand,
But first of all, get badly tanned,
Do just as I now recommend
And you'll need nothing else, my friend."

And having had his candid say
The good old doctor went away.

"In view of this," the mother said,
"I'll voice a wish I long have had,
That you'd adopt my cherished plan
And spend some time in Michigan.

"I've there a brother, as you know,
One loved in the sweet long ago,
Perhaps in memory of those days,
He'll lay aside his austere ways;
'Tis said that he is just in deal,
But has a heart encased in steel.

"He has no children of his own
And in the world is quite alone,
If we except the dearest wife
Who ever brightened such a life;
To her alone will he unbend,
At least, I heard this from a friend.
I've not seen John for many years,
He may be milder than my fears
Have pictured him, for I've been told
That daily he grows stern and cold;
Then too, his letters, far apart,
Reveal but little warmth of heart.

"Go see this uncle in his home,
From out this visit good may come.
You may a hearty welcome find,
You'll bear from me a message kind;
Tell him that in the dear old place
Mary would gladly see his face,
Say she now sends her only boy
And hopes that it may give him joy
To learn she still thinks every day
Of the dear brother far away.
Perhaps he may be glad, who knows?
And ere we go to our repose,
Will with your father counsel take
And should he no objection make,
We'll form our plans without delay,
And soon will see you on your way."

The father spoke the project fair,
And all arrangements made with care,
And soon, one pleasant day in spring
Sterling commenced his journeying.

Chapter III.

And thus it chanced in early May,
A youthful traveler took his way
Through Thorndale's streets, this little town
Where stood the mansion of Judge Brown.
A stranger he, one could discern,
He asked the way at every turn,
And when the dwelling caught his eye
He breathed a weary, languid sigh;
Unused to travel, weak, depressed,
He reached at last this place of rest.

His journeying, for a time, was o'er
And he was standing at the door
Of relatives he never saw,
And rung the bell almost with awe.
A little maiden, neat and trim,
Came very soon to answer him;
"I wish," said he, "to see Judge Brown,"
The girl replied, "He's out of town,

But he will not be long away.
Returns, I think, on Saturday."
"I am his nephew from the East
And shall remain a time, at least;
My aunt, is she at home to-day?
Please to announce me, Sterling Gray."

The aunt soon came, with smiling face,
And met him with a warm embrace,
"I'm very glad you've come," she cried,
As she bestowed a glance of pride,
"I should have known you instantly
By the last photo. sent to me.
But you are pale, and one can tell
That you are tired and far from well;
Rest and refreshment you must need,
And supper shall be served with speed."

The meal dispatched, they soon adjourned
To a neat, pleasant room, where burned
Within the grate a glowing fire
Which the cool evenings still require.
"Now take this couch, my tired guest,"
Said aunt, "I'll talk, but you must rest.

"I am so glad that you have come
To see us in our quiet home;
Your parents I have never met,
A fact I very much regret,
John often speaks of sister May
And says we'll visit her some day.

"Too bad your uncle is not here!
If memory serves me, 'tis a year
Since he has been so long away,
He seldom makes a lengthy stay;
Business detains him, I suppose,
There was a mortgage to foreclose."
And thus she chatted gayly on
Telling him much of Uncle John.

"He is regarded, so I hear,
By some as heartless and severe,
They're wrong, he has a heart of gold
And it is neither hard nor cold;
His natural reticence appears
To grow upon him with his years,
But he is just as good and kind
As if to gayety inclined.

If you, my dear, should win his love
He sure a steadfast friend will prove."
Thus pleasantly the evening passed
And they retired to rest at last.

The morning dawned, a glory bright
Succeeded now the gloom of night,
Pouring its radiance o'er the scene
Of blooming tree, and field of green,
And Sterling Gray stood looking down
Upon the sleepy little town,
Encircled by the grainfields wide,
Stretching away on every side.
A restful scene, thought Sterling Gray,
I shall not haste to go away,
That is, should uncle fancy me,
He comes to-day and we shall see.
The summons then to breakfast came,
He saw his aunt appeared the same
As she had done the night before,
And knew he'd love her more and more.

The Judge returned, in courteous tone
Gave welcome to his sister's son,

Though somewhat wanting in the charm
Of the aunt's greeting, bright and warm,
Which he received the previous day,
Lacked not in hospitality.

Thought Sterling, mother judged aright,
He's not morose, but chilly quite,
But if I'm wise, without a doubt,
I shall find means to thaw him out.

And here let me anticipate
An incident of later date;
The two conversing, it appears,
Spoke of professional careers,
The uncle asked of Sterling's bent,
To what his talents would be lent?
At the reply, "I'm reading law,"
The Judge's smile betokened thaw,
For next the love he bore his wife,
Came this, the calling of his life.
Thus oft are closest friendships based
On similarity of taste.

Chapter IV.

The next day was the Sabbath fair,
And to the church they all repair.
They were the centre of all eyes
And many a face expressed surprise,
For it, indeed, was something new
To see a stranger in that pew.

It was this young man, Sterling Gray,
Whom Maggie saw in church that day;
She took but little notice then
And scarcely thought of him again.
But Sterling marked her winsome grace,
And gazed with rapture on her face;
And when she sang, a voice so clear
Fell so distinctly on his ear,
It seemed with fervor to inspire,
He heard no other in the choir;
It rose in clear exultant strain
Like seraph's song on heavenly plain,
Or so it seemed to Sterling Gray
That peaceful, holy Sabbath day,

That day whose light would shine adown
His path of life and sweetly crown
With sacred halo bright and clear
The days of each succeeding year.

Silent and thoughtful, Sterling Gray
Took with his friends the homeward way,
And later, as they were alone,
Said to his aunt in eager tone,
"Who is the girl with golden hair,
And face so purely sweet and fair,
Who sung soprano in the choir,
With fervid reverential fire
That fairly lifted one above
This sordid life to heavenly love?"

"Just stop a moment, Sterling, pray,
You nearly take my breath away,"
His aunt replied in jesting tone,
"To heights of fancy you have flown,
And have a modest country maid
In angels' raiment now arrayed.
Come back to earth while auntie tells
Just where your sweet enchantress dwells.

From your description, I should say
That she who carried you away
With charming voice and lovely face
The daughter is of Mrs. Mace,
Who lives a little way from town,
Fine people too," said Mrs. Brown.

"The daughter's name is Henry, though,
Her father died long years ago;
She is a mortal, like yourself,
And is, withal, a willful elf.
Others have also thought her fair,
Indeed, her type is rather rare.
Now this is all I have to say,
But if upon some future day
You wish to her acquaintance make,
I'll aid the matter for your sake."

The little woman turned to go,
The nephew whistled soft and low,
And thus expressed his great surprise
At the acuteness of her eyes.
She thinks that I am smitten, quite,
Perhaps she is not far from right.

Chapter V.

Not many weeks had slipped away
Before our young friend, Sterling Gray,
Had found a little shady dell,
Where a small, limped trout stream fell
And rippled on in silver sheen,
Quite overhung with maples green,
Which shaded from the sun's fierce rays,
Through all the long, bright summer days.

Here in his favorite retreat,
Secure alike from noise and heat,
He often sat with line and hook,
But oftener with some pleasant book.

One day he thus had spent an hour,
When, lo! he saw a summer shower
Swiftly arising in the west
And for a shelter went in quest.

As he perceived the nearest place
To be the home of Mrs. Mace,
Hitherward bound, with agile tread,
He through the field and meadow fled,
Reached this asylum of his choice
Where dwelt the girl whose face and voice
His thoughts had cherished since the time
He listened to the hymn sublime.

The longing for another sight
Of that sweet face, so fair and bright,
Was gratified without delay;
The flutter of a robe of gray
Now caught his sight as Maggie came
To train a rose o'er rustic frame.
Yes, it is she, he sees her now,
With glowing cheek and snowy brow.
As in the vine-wreathed porch she stood,
A type of fair, sweet womanhood.

Approaching her, he simply said,
"I from the rain have hither fled."
With courtesy she bade him stay,
And to the parlor led the way;

Then he made known to her his name,
And said that he but lately came
To pay a visit in the town,
And was a nephew of Judge Brown.

A handsome youth was Sterling Gray
Of very mild and pleasing way,
He now conversed his best with ease,
Striving to interest and please.
An hour passed sociably away,
The sun shone out with cheerful ray,
Enlivening nature with its glow;
Sterling at once arose to go.
Invited then to call again,
He did, when not compelled by rain.
In calling him a welcome guest,
I've hardly half the truth expressed.
'Tis but the story, sweet and old,
Which has so many times been told
That I need not repeat it here;
You know the sequel, reader, dear.

Chapter VI.

Sterling had found his uncle's heart,
From him the Judge was loth to part,
Wrote to his sister that he should
Keep him still longer if he could.

"I have no son," the old man said,
"He'll be my heir when I am dead."
So Sterling tarried till the fall,
Captive to love's enchanting thrall.

Sweet Margaret had won his heart,
'Twas sad, indeed, from her to part,
But fast the time was drawing on
And very soon he must be gone.
They were betrothed, this loving pair,
The future held but promise fair,
For every one looked on to bless
And wish them future happiness.

Pain sometimes stirred the mother's heart
That from her daughter she must part;
By such emotion she was moved
Although her choice she quite approved,
And would consign her to his care
With perfect trust, and fervent prayer
That every blessing might attend
Her darling till this life should end.

The time for parting came at last,
And Maggie's tears fell thick and fast,
But Sterling put all grief aside
And strove to cheer his promised bride,
Saying at Christmas he should come
And claim her for his very own.

His aunt could not her tears restrain,
Even the Judge himself showed pain
As Sterling took his leave that day
In tender, loving, boyish way.
"What comfort, wife, a boy can be,
I'll keep that youngster here with me
When he returns from his trip East;
It will not hurt me in the least

To set up handsomely in life
My nephew and his chosen wife."

'Twas thus the uncle spoke that day
After his nephew went away.
And this man was the same Judge Brown
So held in awe by all the town.
Thus triumphs love o'er natures hard
And brings at last its own reward.

Soon preparations were begun
For all the work which must be done.
Maggie insisted she must dwell
Upon the place she loved so well;
And then the Judge said he should give
The house in which they were to live.

And so the workmen all were hired,
And the materials required
Were placed upon the ground where stood
The home of Maggie's babyhood.
And nearly every day from town
Came Sterling's aunt, good Mrs. Brown,

To mark the progress which was made,
Advising in the plans they laid
For beautifying the new home
To which her nephew was to come.

Maggie had seen, reluctantly,
Her tiny cottage torn away;
And in its place a mansion reared
Of such proportions that she feared
They could not furnish as they ought.
And to the aunt expressed the thought.

The dear old lady, smiling, said,
"With such fears trouble not your head,
Sterling is not possessed of wealth,
But he has industry and health,
And legal knowledge it appears
Attained but seldom at his years;
Then too he is our nearest kin
Has chanced his uncle's love to win.
And he already has begun
To look upon him as a son,
And yours will be a future fair,
Secured by faithful, loving care."

The winter's mantle, pure and white,
Falls on their house completed quite.
The Christmas time is drawing near,
And Sterling Gray will soon be here,
With him will come his parents too,
Who wish his happiness to view.

Chapter VII.

The wedding morn dawns bright and clear,
A perfect day for Christmas cheer,
The sun shines forth in splendor bright
Upon the earth enrobed in white,
And sends his scintillating beams
O'er snow-clad trees and ice-bound streams.

The church at Thorndale now is seen
Bedecked with vine and evergreen,
And scarlet berries, bright and gay,
In honor of the wedding day.
'Twas for the place a great affair,
A specious crowd had gathered there;
Many old veterans of the war
Came flocking in from near and far,
For they remembered Matthew well,
And now their rugged faces tell,
Better than words could e'er express,
Joy at his daughter's happiness.

The bridal party now draws near
And as they at the church appear,
Pass 'neath a green triumphal arch,
Are greeted by the wedding march;
And now the grand old music floats,
With swelling, sweet, enchanting notes,
While with each strain there seems to blend
The wish that joy their steps attend.

As they approach the altar's side
The bridegroom and the fair young bride,
The rector, reverend, old and gray,
Now asks, "Who gives the bride away?"
"I do," a manly voice replies,
And they behold a man arise,
Who, standing there before the throng,
Says in a voice bland, sweet and strong,
"None can take precedence of me,
I'm Matthew Henry, sir," says he.

A tall man of commanding air,
With bright blue eyes and snowy hair,
Stood there in captain's uniform.
Then there arose a deaf'ning storm

Of wild and unrestrained applause;
While strangers marveled at the cause,
Cheer after cheer fell on the air
From veterans assembled there.
Despite the loss of vigorous prime,
Despite the ravages of time,
Which such a changed appearance gave,
They recognized their captain brave.

And when the house, at length, is still,
Matthew proceeds, in tones which thrill
Those once familiar with the voice,
"Comrades, it makes my heart rejoice
That you thus welcome me with cheers,
After the lapse of many years"——
But here he paused, with blanching face,
For just before him Mrs. Mace
Had slipped upon the floor and lay
With face of deathly ashen gray.

"O, Jennie!" Matthew wildly said,
"O, darling! say you are not dead!
Oh! have I killed the precious wife,
For whom I'd gladly give my life?"

And as he speaks her pale lips frame
That loved and ne'er forgotten name.

"Matthew, dear Matthew! is it you?"
Her gaze now sought those eyes of blue
Which met hers with a steady light—
Then all became as dark as night.

Swoon follows swoon, till friends now fear
That the grim messenger is near;
But slowly she revives; at length,
And, with her now returning strength,
Rises from the encircling arm,
Matthew threw round her in alarm;
"I'm better now," she softly said,
And to her seat was gently led.

Matthew, now mindful of the crowd,
Says, "There should be no sombre cloud
Upon our daughter's wedding day,
So let the rite proceed, I pray."

The sacred ceremony o'er,
Matthew addressed them all once more:

"Friends, comrades, neighbors," now he said,
"For many years you've thought me dead,
Believe me, I have done no wrong,
My story is too sad and long
To tell at such a time as this,
When naught should mar our happiness;
The time will come when you shall hear
The story of my sad career."

Then Maggie spoke, the fair young bride,
"Father, come home with us," she cried,
"Ours is the first, most sacred right,
We must your story hear to-night;
Your weary wanderings now must cease,
Henceforth you'll know but rest and peace."

And so around their cheerful light
They list'ning sat that Christmas night,
While Matthew told with many tears,
The tale of intervening years;
And I will try, my readers dear,
To reproduce the story here.

THE VETERAN'S STORY.

Chapter VIII.

"THE years of sixty-one and two
Were dreadful years for boys in blue.
Virginia's soil was damp and red
With blood contending armies shed,
For many miles the country round
Was one continuous battle-ground.
At the second battle of Bull Run,
Where fell full many a gallant son,
I too, fell wounded in the head
And comrades doubtless thought me dead;
But fate had other things in store
And I returned to life once more.

"How long in stupor deep I lay
I never yet could truly say;

When I to consciousness returned
And light of reason feebly burned,
I was within a rebel pen
With many other Union men.

"Awful, indeed, was then our fate!
Its horrors I can scarce relate;
Our tortures were increased each day
Till we resolved to get away;
To lose our lives by captors' wrath,
Were better than a living death.

"But three of us were in the plot,
To others we dared breathe it not,
But cautiously, with patient care,
We made an excavation there,
A little hole beneath the wall
Through which a man could barely crawl;
And I will nothing further say
Than this, one night we stole away.
We did not dare to keep together,
Lest the foe our track discover,
But parting soon as we were out,
Each took his lonely way in doubt.

LIBBY PRISON.

"I still was very weak indeed
And therefore made but little speed.
I kept within the forest dense,
Its shade my only poor defence,
And through the darkness of the night
I took my slow and toilsome flight.

"Exhausted by the want of food,
I slowly traveled through the wood;
I feared to rest by night or day
Lest lurking foe beset my way.

"How long the time I cannot state,
Three or four days, at any rate,
I had not tasted food or drink
And soon must from exhaustion sink.
I knew that I ere long must yield,
When lo! I saw an open field.

"I mustered my remaining strength
And left the wood behind at length;
And soon I saw, O joyful sight!
A stream of crystal water bright.

I crept in weakness to the brink,
But striving to obtain a drink
Fainting I fell upon the ground
Oblivious to all around.
What now my checkered life befel
I gather from what others tell.

Chapter IX.

"Some negroes found me by the brook
And kindly to their cabin took
My wasted and enfeebled form.
These dusky friends with hearts so warm,
Fought long with fever for my life
And came off victors in the strife.

"They laid my army blue away
And clothed me in a suit of gray,
Well knowing that my uniform
Would soon about me bring a swarm
Of cruel and relentless foes,
Unmoved by sight of human woes.
I was permitted there to dwell
Till I again seemed strong and well;
But though my strength I had regained
My mind in feeble state remained.

"A generous planter living near
Chanced of my wretched state to hear;
Feeling an interest in my case
He gave me work upon his place,
And further disregarding price,
Sought for me medical advice.
All this, however, proved in vain,
My wound and illness wrecked my brain.

"Almost an imbecile I seemed,
A few dim rays of reason gleamed
At times across my blighted mind
Yet left no memory behind.
But for this Southern friend, I fear
Hard had I fared for many a year.

"One summer day he bade me go
Down to the pasture lot below
And bring some horses, but, said he
'Be sure to lead them carefully,
For they are young, unbroken quite,
And so will easily take fright.'
Complying cheerfully, I went,
Was seldom disobedient;

CAPTAIN HENRY RESCUED BY LOYAL FRIENDS.

But like a willful, wayward child
I now devised a project wild.

"I singled out a fiery black
And nimbly vaulted on his back.
Scared by the unaccustomed load,
He fled in terror down the road;
He strove to throw me off in vain,
I clung with both hands to the mane.
The planter learned what I had done
And started out upon the run;
But we flew past him like the wind
And soon had left him far behind.
In wild pursuit he followed on
Knowing full well I must be thrown.
At length the colt with sidewise bound
Threw me with force upon the ground.

"And there I lay like one in death,
Not a pulsation, not a breath
Could they discern who found me there
And bore me home with tender care,
Where in that dreadful, deathlike swoon
I lay from nine o'clock till noon,

Then through my frame there passed a thrill
Which proved that I was living still.

"As life came back, though strange to tell,
My memory returned as well;
And as my strength grew day by day
Reason once more resumed her sway.
The sudden shock restored me quite,
My darkened mind was clear and bright.

"I learned how time had slipped away
While life for me in shadow lay,
And I shed many bitter tears
While thinking of the flight of years.

"I told my story and revealed
That which the blacks so long concealed.
My heart goes out to that kind friend
So prompt a helping hand to lend.
He saw my heart was anguish-riven,
His sympathy was freely given,
E'en after learning with surprise
That I had been in such disguise.

"He always thought me some poor scamp
Who straggled from a Southern camp
And met with injury on the way,
You know he found me clad in gray.

"One day he called his servant Jim
And very closely questioned him;
Poor Jim, surrounded and coerced,
Confessed at last the very worst;
He feared I might be blamed, you see,
And so exonerated me.
'Yes, sah,' said he, ''twas me and Mose
Dat put him into dem gray clo's,
He was too weak to raise his han',
Ize all to blame, you understan',

De gemman, sah, was bery low'——
"'There, said the planter, you may go,
I ought to hang you, but 'tis best,
Since you're so terribly distressed,
To let you off, go to your corn.'
Jim looked heart-broken and forlorn,
He started with alacrity,
Making a sly grimace at me,

He rolled his brown expressive eye
With all a negro's drollery.

"When Jim was gone, he calmly said,
'It seems that I have been misled,
But I am glad to know that you
Were not deceitful or untrue.
Remain awhile my honored guest,
And may your future life be blest.'

"'Twas then I learned to know his worth,
No nobler heart beats at the North.

Chapter X.

"As soon as I was fully sure
That permanent had been my cure,
I started for my Northern home
To learn what changes there had come.

"I schooled myself to bear surprise,
Prepared for all that might arise,
Knowing how many years had fled
Since loved ones must have thought me dead.
And when, at last, I neared my home,
I very cautious had become,
Resolved no censure e'er should rest
On those my absence had distressed.

"Well founded too, were my vague fears,
I learned my wife had been for years
United to a worthy man.
I cautiously matured a plan

By which, before I left the place
I might behold my daughter's face;
And so one pleasant summer day——
'O father dear!' cried Maggie Gray,
'I see it plainly now, I think,
You are the man who asked for drink.
I thought that you were sick and weak,
I never saw a paler cheek.'

"I was not sick, though far from strong,
And wearied by my journey long;
Quite shaken too, by harrowing thought
Of changes which the years had wrought.
My darling child you cannot know
The pain with which I turned to go;
I felt that o'er that garden gate
As inexorable as fate,
An angel stood before my eyes
To banish me from Paradise.

"I could not tear myself away
For any length of time to stay;
I wished to know just what befel
The dear ones whom I loved so well,

And in the country have been known
By other names, but not my own.
I of your marriage knew, my dear,
And felt that duty called me here;
While I congratulate, rejoice
That you have made so wise a choice;
My blessing cordially bestow,
'Tis all I have to give, you know."

Jennie was weeping silently,
Hers seemed a speechless agony,
Matthew, addressing her, now said,
"Many the tears we both have shed;
But if you choose to bid me stay,
I never more will go away.
I now am penniless and old,
On me have years of sorrow told,
Still if you prize my broken life
I shall be proud to call you wife."

"O Matthew!" Jennie now replied,
"I thought in battle you had died,
I did not mean to do you wrong,
I had been lonely, Oh, so long!"——

"There was no wrong committed, dear,
You're free from censure, that is clear,
On no one rests a shade of blame;
Naught that could blot the fairest name.
And if our children will delay
Their journey for another day,
With your approval, Jennie, dear,
We'll have another wedding here."

Before they sought their rest that night,
Was settled every detail, quite,——
Matthew had said, with glist'ning eyes,
"Pray let us plan a great surprise,
Ask all the veterans around
Who on short notice can be found,
And our old neighbors, far and near,
The story of my life to hear;
When the chief incidents are told,
They shall the marriage rite behold."

The guests assembled, one and all,
Till fairly crowded was the hall;——
With many wondering comments they
Heard all that Matthew had to say,

CAPTAIN HENRY IS AGAIN HAPPILY UNITED IN MARRIAGE.

Then warmly shook him by the hand,
Declaring him a hero grand.

And thus the time had sped away,
Till near the closing of the day,
And Matthew to his guests had said,
"Dear friends, this evening I shall wed
The only idol of my heart,
And we, till death, no more shall part."

He left the room a little space,
But soon returned with beaming face;
Jennie was leaning on his arm;
Not youth itself could add a charm
To the sweet dignity of mien
Of one so happy and serene.

She wore upon that festal day
A robe of shining silver gray;
Matthew in uniform arrayed,
His martial bearing well displayed,
And here once more, hand joined in hand,
They so long separated stand.

To all the guests it seemed to be
A scene of great solemnity,
But, at the rector's closing word
The throng with strong emotion stirred.

The soldiers scarce suppress their cheers,
And many cheeks are wet with tears
As Matthew, with a glow of pride,
Salutes this woman, twice his bride.

The evening passed by pleasantly
To those who through it chose to stay,
And as their homeward way they wind,
They leave but happiness behind.

There is not much to tell beside,
Our Sterling Gray and his young bride,
When from their wedding tour they come,
Will occupy their stately home.

Dear little Fred, Nathaniel's son,
Is loved and spoiled by every one.

But ere I lay my pen away
I would to Matthew's virtues pay

An honest tribute, though no line
Can e'er be traced by pen of mine
Which will add lustre to the fame
That erstwhile crowns such victor's name.

He ruled his spirit, crushed his pride,
And laid all selfishness aside
Bereft of wife, bereft of child,
The world to him a dreary wild,
Made no display of grief or wrath,
In silence trod his lonely path.
But in his heart amid its gloom,
There lingered still love's sweet perfume,
And now, to banish grief and pain,
This lovely flower has bloomed again;
Long in its shadow may he rest
While we rejoice to see him blest.

My humble story now is done;
I claim my hero brave has won
A victory more praiseworthy, far,
Than ever soldier won in war.
And in the evening of his life
This veteran and his gentle wife

Look back with thankfulness and pride
As they still journey side by side.

And soon for them will dawn the day
When earthly cares all laid away,
They'll help to swell the victor's song
Amid the bright celestial throng.

THE END.

Miscellaneous Poems of the Civil War.

THE FATE OF WAR.

TENNESSEE lay bathed in beauty
'Neath the sky of sixty-one,
When the gloomy clouds of discord
Rose above our horizon.

Four dark years of civil conflict
Our historic pages dim,
Making still a note discordant
In our nation's choral hymn.

Still the mountains rise in grandeur,
Onward flows the Tennessee;—
Mingling with the voice of nature
Rises our grand jubilee.

For peace reigns again triumphant
Where once stood in deadly strife,
Those by birthright friends and brothers
Seeking for each other's life.

But the war-cloud left a shadow,
Plainly still we see its trace
On the hearts of friends and kindred,
Time itself cannot efface.

'Tis of Roswell Lawrence, reader,
I a truthful tale relate,
Tell how members of his household
Fell beneath the hand of fate.

In his home, almost an Eden,
Naught was known of grief or care
Till the direful war had changed it
To a scene of dark despair.

When the war of the Rebellion
Broke upon our native land,
Roswell Lawrence, brave and loyal,
Longed to join the patriot band.

But beyond his prime was Lawrence,
Bent beneath the weight of years,
Helplessly he viewed the struggle
Shaken by his griefs and fears.

Once he well had served his country
Bravely marched against the foe,
Proudly born aloft our banner
On the plains of Mexico.

He was Northern born, his parents
Made the Empire State their home,
When the army was disbanded
He to Tennessee had come.

He had since that time resided
In this fair and sunny land,
Here he won and wed his Mabel,
Reared his little household band.

And the gift of three dear children
Made their happiness complete,
Melvin, Rupert, little Lois,
All intelligent and sweet.

As they grew each year more lovely
'Neath the tender mother's care,
Roswell thought his home a heaven
Filled with blessings rich and rare.

Little dreamed he that the future
Held for him such bitter woe,
That his loving heart had broken
Half the mournful truth to know.

As the brothers grew to manhood,
Melvin, with his bright blue eye,
Was the image of his father
In the happy days gone by.

Locks of brown with golden lustre
Curled around his shapely head,
He was tall, of noble bearing,
With a firm, elastic tread.

Rupert Lawrence, three years younger,
Was his mother's joy and pride,
He possessed a type of beauty
Which description quite defied.

Hair of raven blackness shaded
Brow of marble whiteness rare,
And his eyes of liquid brightness
Mirrored strength of passion there.

Slightly built, of medium stature,
Of a restless temperament,
With a warm impulsive nature,
Speaking plainly his descent.

In the veins of Mabel Lawrence
Flowed the rich warm Cuban blood,
Which to Rupert had imparted
An intensely changeful mood.

Little Lois, bright and winsome,
Was a creature sweet and fair,
With the Southern mother's beauty,
And the father's sunny hair.

Agile as the fawn, and graceful,
Of a mild and gentle mien,
And the blending of two nations
Might also in her be seen.

But in spite of dispositions,
Which in diverse channels ran,
Theirs had been a happy household
Till the dreadful war began.

Now 'mid tumult and excitement,
Party spirit, fierce and high,
Wrought a terrible division
In the Lawrence family.

Melvin took a stand emphatic
'Neath the dear old stripes and stars,
While his brother joined the forces
'Neath the fateful Southern bars.

All the loyal blood of Roswell
Rose in indignation grand
As he saw the storm-cloud gather
Darkly o'er his native land,

And beheld the starry banner
For which he would gladly die,
Trampled by the feet of rebels
While they freedom's laws defy.

Bitter was his grief and anguish,
When young Rupert drew his sword,
In the blighting cause of treason,
But he spoke no scathing word.

"'Tis but natural," he reasoned,
"He should choose to do his part
In the cause his mother favors;
Oh, be still, my breaking heart!

"May no unkind word escape me,
Lest the future bear it back,
Never must a child of Lawrence
Of affection feel the lack."

Not more tenderly his blessing
Fell upon the loyal head
Of his eldest, who had chosen
Freedom's righteous cause instead,

Than upon the head of Rupert
Who as bravely dared to do
For a cause he deemed as sacred;
Oh, such fathers are but few!

For the sake of wife and children,
Roswell kept his lips close sealed,
In this noble self-denial
Was his depth of love revealed.

While his heart was almost bursting
Into patriotic flame,
He possessed his soul in patience,
Trusting in Jehovah's name.

While the mighty hosts contended,
And the conflict fiercer grew,
Roswell in his darkened homestead
Prayed as only patriots do.

And the mother drooped and faded
'Neath her load of grief and care,
This division in her household
Filled her heart with wild despair.

What her husband named as treason,
She had held as Southern right,
Still it grieved her that her offspring
Should in different forces fight;

Grieved that they should be contending
On the bloody battlefield,
She prayed earnestly and often
That one side might quickly yield.

But we need not tell the reader
Of the struggle fierce and long,—
We who lived will ne'er forget it,
Others find it theme of song,

Or in history read of thrilling
Deeds of valor, ne'er surpassed;
While revolves the sun in brightness
Shall their glorious record last.

But we need not trace the annals,
Only one eventful day
Is required to furnish details
For the subject of our lay.

All day long the battle rages
O'er the heights of Malvern Hill,
And the golden rays of sunset
Fall on ground contested still,

And a spirit of defiance
Seems to fill the summer air
As in grim unyielding phalanx
Darkness finds them fighting there.

Now retreating, now advancing;
Like the ocean's storm-tossed waves
Sweeps the restless tide of battle
And in blood the hillside laves.

Now the Federals cheering, charging,
Once more make the foe retreat,
And a brave young color-bearer
Waves his flag at their defeat.

Shaking out its folds in triumph
In a bold and fearless mood,
Recking not the wrath of foeman
Or the heated Southern blood.

Proudly floats that tattered emblem
O'er the heights of Malvern Hill
Telling to opposing forces
Of a brave resistance still.

Closing up their broken columns,
Rallying their fearless band,
The Confederates bravely faced them
And in waiting firmly stand.

Said a young and reckless soldier,
"Boys, behold that banner high
Flaunting in our very faces,
That proud bearer soon must die."

When the order brief was given
Rupert quickly raised his gun,
And another Union soldier
Died beneath the setting sun.

Had he known who held that flagstaff,
Would his aim have been so true?
Who can tell? they were but foemen,
One in gray and one in blue.

When the shades of night closed round them,
And the fighting ceased at last,
Under cover of the darkness
Southern troops retreated fast.

Once again were they defeated,
And must needs recruit their strength,
In a silent, cautious manner
They retired their troops at length.

Just at dusk two Union soldiers,
Who had bravely fought that day,
Fell to earth from sheer exhaustion
And became an easy prey;

These were promptly seized as prisoners,
Taken in that backward flight;
As they marched, they were discoursing
On the fortunes of the fight.

"'Twas," said one, "a fearful battle
And we made a noble stand,
But our color-bearer, Lawrence,
Was the bravest of our band.

"Nothing seemed to daunt his spirit,
Oh, it shocked me when he fell!
For as dearly as a brother
I had learned to love our Mel."

"Yes," replied the other soldier,
"I have noticed many a time
That the men who bear our colors
Have a courage quite sublime.

"Melvin loved the dear old ensign
And his life was nobly spent,
Could I but have killed his slayer,
I would then have been content."

Thus conversed those youthful prisoners,
Speaking of a comrade's death,
While beneath night's friendly cover
Listened one with bated breath;

Still intent on every detail,
Till he came to understand
That it was his only brother
Who had fallen by his hand.

When he caught the awful import
Of the words those soldiers spoke,
In one wailing cry of anguish,
Then the heart of Rupert broke.

No one marked that sound of sorrow,
No one seemed to know or care,
But the whispering summer breezes
Bore a breath of frenzied prayer.

Only God can ever know it,
All that mingled love and grief!
Only He in tender mercy
Can administer relief.

While the cruel conflict lasted,
Rupert bravely bore his part,
On his face no smile of gladness,
Naught but sorrow in his heart.

In the home they wept for Melvin,
But the mother's bitter tears
Had more cause to fall for Rupert
In the darksome coming years.

When returning home in sadness,
Rupert met his friends once more,
Much his loving parents wondered
At the look of grief he wore.

Nothing ever seemed to cheer him
Or his sadness to dispel,
And upon that broken household
Now a deeper shadow fell.

When her brothers joined the army,
Lois was a maiden shy,
But she grew a lovely woman
As the years went swiftly by.

She had now a noble suitor,
One of Burnside's boys in blue,
Who was lingering in the Southland
To his fair enchantress woo.

Paul Romaine had often met her
While the troops were stationed there,
And his heart became entangled
In the meshes of her hair.

Never was a captive taken,
More an abject slave than he,
And when peace had been established
He returned to Tennessee.

At the North his parents waited
For the coming of their son,
But he wrote them he shoud tarry
Till his Southern bride was won.

Never sped a happier wooing,
For the parents kindly smiled
On the young impetuous soldier
Who adored their darling child.

Melvin sleeps in solemn silence,
Sorrow Rupert's life enshrouds,
And they fain would shield their daughter
From its overshadowing clouds.

Deeming she has chosen wisely,
Though the tears will sometimes flow,
They upon the youthful couple
Blessings fervently bestow.

Still one cloud is in their heavens,
Rupert's strange despairing mood,
He to his young sister's husband
Frequently is very rude.

But Romaine will never quarrel
With the brother of his bride,
Though his heart is often throbbing
With a sense of injured pride.

Soon they pay a bridal visit
To the waiting friends of Paul,
And they meet a warm reception
From his people one and all.

And Paul's friends are charmed with Lois,
Nor can wonder at his praise
As they mark with admiration
All her sweet and gentle ways.

Paul decides on emigrating
To the prairies of the West
And secures a fine location
Where they settled down to rest.

Lois, too, this plan had favored,
For she felt within her heart
That 'twere better far that Rupert
And her husband dwell apart.

True, her thoughts are often turning
To her sunny Southern home,
Still she is content and happy
As she pictures years to come.

When increasing wealth shall bless them;
At no very distant day,
To the dear old haunts of childhood
She a visit hopes to pay.

But upon the Kansas homesteads
Blight and ruin often fall,
And for four succeeding seasons
Great misfortunes came to Paul.

Locust, drought and wind united
To lay waste his fertile fields,
Till a plain and bare subsistence
Is the most his labor yields.

But with undiminished courage,
Still they bravely struggle on,
Bound to yet become successful
As they dreamed in years agone.

Two sweet children came to bless them
And to cheer their toilsome life;
Lois called her first-born Melvin,
Paul named baby for his wife.

For the sake of these dear children
Many bitter tears she shed,
For these priceless gifts of heaven
Must, indeed, be clothed and fed.

But each year beheld them poorer
Than they were the year before,
Till the hideous wolf of hunger
Often stood beside their door.

Friends, no doubt, believed them thriving,
For they kept their secret well,
Since of their reduced condition,
Pride forbade that they should tell.

Meanwhile to the Lawrence household
Sad'ning changes also come,
And the mother of our Lois
Slumbers in her silent home.

And above her pulseless bosom
Blooms the myrtle and the rose;
To her grave in silent sorrow
Roswell Lawrence often goes.

Poor old man! his heart is breaking
O'er his darling Mabel's tomb!
And his form will rest beside her
'Neath another summer's bloom.

One calm Sabbath, as the shadows
Of the evening overspread
All the quiet face of nature,
He called Rupert to his bed,

Saying, "Come and sit beside me,
There is much I wish to say
Ere I take my last lone journey
To that country far away.

"And I know I soon am going
There to rest forevermore,
For I often catch the music
From that happy golden shore;

"And the voices of our loved ones
Bid my eager spirit come;
I ere long shall pass the portals
Of the great eternal home.

"Listen, Rupert, come still closer,
Take my feeble trembling hand,
I would now speak freely, fully,
Lay on you my last command.

"I have tried to do my duty,
If I've erred in aught my son,
May our loving Lord forgive me
Since in blindness it was done;

"Your sad spirit ever brooding
O'er, perhaps, some fancied wrong,
On my life has been a burden
I've borne patiently and long.

"But I grieve to die and leave you
To a dismal lonely life,
From the ranks of those who love us,
Make some worthy girl your wife.

"Be as happy as your parents,
More I could not ask for you,
Every heart must know some sorrow;
To yourself and God be true.

"All my wealth I have bequeathed you,
Give your sister what is right,
Ascertain her needs and wishes,
I shall trust you, now good night."

Here the father ceased, and Rupert
Said good night and left the room,
Feeling like some guilty felon
Who has heard an awful doom.

Soon he sought his sleepless pillow
Breathing low an anguished prayer
That to him the strength be given
Now his heavy cross to bear.

"Oh," said he, "how can I bear it!
Will he own me as a son?
Will he still believe and trust me
When he knows what I have done?

"But he soon must cross the river
Where all secrets are revealed
And, perhaps, if he forgives me
My poor heart may yet be healed."

Then again he sought his chamber;
Kneeling by his father's bed,
He confessed the awful secret,
That he Melvin's blood had shed.

"Oh!" he said, "I did not know him!
But it might have been the same,
For my fiery, wicked nature
Was then kindled into flame.

"I can never take your money,
Let my sister have it all,
Only on the head of Rupert
Let your hand in blessing fall.

"Only say that you forgive me
This is all the boon I ask,
And to seek from heaven forgiveness
Shall in future be my task."

"May God bless and save you, Rupert,
It was but the fate of war!
But I hear the heavenly music,
And I see the gates ajar!"

With his thin hand gently resting
On the bowed head of his son,
Roswell Lawrence crossed the river,
And his earthly race was run.

We will only pause to mention,
Ere we lay our pen aside,
That one wish of Roswell Lawrence
Very soon was verified;

Rupert sought his gentle sister,
On the Kansas prairie wild,
And installed her in the homestead
Where she played a merry child.

Rupert makes one of her household,
He and Paul are brothers now,
But a shade of melancholy
Always rests upon his brow.

Oft he sits beside the river,
With his dark eyes fixed afar,
And in tender pathos murmurs
"Oh, the awful fate of war!"

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

I WAS but a little maiden
When the soldiers marched away,
But my childish heart was laden
With the burdens of the day.

In our home a great excitement
Was created at the time,
For my father who was feeble
And had passed beyond his prime,

Strove to join the gathering forces;
All remonstrance was in vain,
He forgot his health was broken,
He forgot his age and pain.

Love of country, wish to serve her,
Patriotic fire and zeal
Filled his heart to overflowing,
Made his senses fairly reel.

But in spite of his endeavors
Wise physicians sent him home,
And with spirits crushed and broken
I now seem to see him come.

Through the struggle, long and dreadful,
Watched he anxiously the strife,
And I think his deep emotions
May have shortened much his life.

In our home were many papers
Filled with patriotic lore;
Father read till he was weary,
Then I read them o'er and o'er.

Our place seemed to be the centre
Where a band of pioneers
Came to hear the battle tidings,
Flushed with hope or filled with fears.

There too, came enlisted soldiers,
Dear old friends and neighbor boys,
Sure of sympathy and comfort,
They rehearsed their griefs and joys.

And I drank in every utterance
Of the patriots who came,
Till my heart was wildly beating,
And my childish cheeks aflame.

When the last small band departed
Father on his death-bed lay,
But his eye was bright and beaming
As he grasped their hands that day,

Saying, " Heaven guard and keep you,
Be good boys and trust in God;
When our troops return triumphant
I shall sleep beneath the sod.

" I had hoped to live and greet them,
But I'll meet those gone before,
Heroes who from fields of carnage
Passed beyond the open door."

This was his farewell in substance,
Four days later he was dead;
And his weeping wife and children
Hung in anguish o'er his bed.

When the news from Appomattox,
The succeeding April came,
How we wept that he, rejoicing,
Might not greet the troops who came.

But God orders all in wisdom,
I can only deem it well
That his heart was spared the anguish
When our martyred Lincoln fell.

But I have not yet related
All I knew of the dread war;
Friends had we in fierce engagements
Who returned with many a scar;

Others left their homes and kindred
Never to return again.
One dear cousin died in battle,
One within a rebel pen,

And another starved in Libby,
Till my heart with anger burned,
Other friends left limbs behind them,
Where the tide of battle turned.

One brave soldier is my husband
With a helpless withered arm,
But no mark of royal favor
Could for me possess such charm.

To the sentiments of childhood
I am standing firm and true,
And my heart with admiration
Throbs for those who wore the blue.

Though my hair has lost its lustre,
And is turning fast to snow,
They are still to me the heroes
Whom I honored long ago.

And the hope that this small volume
May find favor in their sight,
And my efforts yield them pleasure,
Now sustains me as I write.

ALLAN WORTH.

A Story in Two Parts.

PART FIRST.

THE August sun was setting red,
The robins twittered overhead,
A gentle, cool, refreshing breeze
Was murmuring 'mid the maple trees;
A bit of woodland left for shade,
A most delightful bower has made,
Where traveling artists sometimes sit
Watching the shadows fall and flit,
Or sketching these majestic trees
Whose foliage flutters in the breeze.
Here happy lovers often stray
To breathe their vows at close of day,
A trysting place where manly youth
Has promised oft unchanging truth.

Here in this charming solitude
A gentle girl this evening stood,
The lingering sunbeams falling there
Nestl'd amid her waving hair,
And lighted up her pensive face
Where grief and care had left their trace.
Her hands so small and white are clasped
As though some cherished hope they grasped,
The lustrous eye, the mouth, the chin
Bespeak the dauntless soul within.

As thus she stands with drooping head
She hears a long expected tread;
Starting at the familiar sound,
She rushes forth with eager bound
And reaches soon her lover's side;
"Oh, Herman! you are late," she cried.

"Yes, Alice, I am sorry, dear,
That I could not be sooner here,
But I had business at the town
And was delayed by lawyer Brown;
Then I ran down awhile to G——
Some of my old school friends to see.

Three boys leave there to-day at noon
And will be with McClellan soon.
And I shall join the army, too,
Mother has gone to Uncle True;
He's lame and therefore cannot go,
But he can care for her, you know,
And I, with perfect health and strength,
Am free to join the ranks at length.

"But for my mother's feeble state,
I never could have borne to wait,
As I have done, from day to day,
While companies have marched away."

Although her cheek is very pale,
Her clear voice does not break or fail,
As making answer, hurriedly,
"Of course, you cannot stay," said she,
"And even though my heart should break,
I honor still the course you take.
Since Sumter's sad, eventful morn,
When our proud flag was soiled and torn,
Like Anderson, the staunch and true,
I've longed to be a soldier, too;

And, were I not a girl, to-night
Would see me dead or in the fight."

Her lover smiled, "this little hand
Was never meant for deeds so grand,
It is too frail, too fair and white
To wield a sabre in the fight.
Your noble father gave his life,
Your brother still is in the strife,
Your part will be at home to stay
And write to soldiers far away;
When I return 'twill be my pride
To see you made a soldier's bride.
As I shall be away so long
Please sing once more the little song,
The song I love the best of all,
I often shall the words recall,
It will my dreary camp-life cheer,
Will you not sing it? Alice dear."

"I'll try," the brave young voice replied,
And the blue eyes were quickly dried,
And then in tones so clear and sweet
She sang the song called, "When we Meet."

The Song.

When we meet adown the future
Will your love be just the same?
Will your face light up with gladness
At the mention of my name?
Will you haste with joy to greet me,
All unchanged in love and faith?
Is the love you cherish for me
Strong enough to last till death?

I shall shrine your lovely image
Sacredly within my heart,
And my tears will fall above it
As I roam from you apart;
Ever will your words of courage
Be to me a memory sweet,
Are you sure you'll not forget them
And will love me when we meet?

Duty bids me, love, to leave you,
I must heed her earnest call,
I go gladly to the conflict
There to fight, perhaps to fall;

But should I return in triumph
Victory will be doubly sweet,
Knowing you will bid me welcome
And will love me when we meet.

The sweet love-song is done at last
And now the singer's tears fall fast
"You do not doubt me, Herman dear,
I'll write your soldier-life to cheer,
I'll daily for your safety pray,
And may God speed the gladsome day
When right shall triumph over wrong;
I trust the time will not be long."

A few words spoken soft and low
And Herman Newell turned to go,
He takes a step from her apart
Then turns and clasps her to his heart;—

"My little love, so fair and sweet,
May heaven keep you till we meet!"
He kisses her on brow and cheek
Too deeply moved to farther speak.

And thus they part in mutual faith
Which naught shall interrupt till death.

She sought her home beside the wood
And Herman in the moonlight stood
Watching until she closed the gate
Then turned to battle with his fate;
He'd grumbled at her stern decree,
This stalwart youth of twenty-three,
Conscience acquitted him of blame,
Still he indulged a sense of shame
That one so young and strong as he
Should at such time inactive be.

His widowed mother, sick and old,
Had on this life so slight a hold
That he had feared in her weak state
Her heart to grieve or agitate,
But now, with health somewhat improved,
She to a brother's home removed
And Herman knew in that abode
The tend'rest care would be bestowed;
And though the tears perforce would flow
Still she had proudly bade him go.

And now, although his hands are free
His heart is throbbing painfully,——
Of Alice are his thoughts to-night,
Her tearful face so fair and white
Calls up some half-developed fears
And his own eyes are dimmed with tears,
Which he in vain strives to suppress
While thinking of her loneliness.

An orphan is his promised bride,
Her father fell at Lyon's side,
Her mother's name for years has shone
Upon a white and gleaming stone
Within the little church-yard near,
Though Alice holds her memory dear,
Still indistinct the vision seems
Like angel faces seen in dreams.

Of father recently bereft
One only of her kin is left,
Her brother Tom, whose name appears
Among the earliest volunteers;
The old housekeeper, Mary Wilde,
Is now sole guardian of the child.

"Brave girl," and Herman Newell sighed,
"May heaven protect my promised bride."

He turned, and hast'ning down the road
He sought his Uncle True's abode;
He must his mother bid good-by,
And haste to join his company,
Now at Detroit, but which would leave
Upon the following Friday eve.

After her lover went away
Poor Alice drooped from day to day,
Autumn and winter slowly passed,
Each month seemed drearier than the last;
Kind friends and neighbors living near
Called oft her loneliness to cheer,
But they, nor music, books, or flowers
Could serve to charm the lingering hours.

She often sought the leafless wood
While her piano silent stood;——
Her mind seemed morbidly engrossed
By the reports of killed and lost,

And nursed a dread presentiment
That some new sorrow would be sent.

In spring, one lonely April day,
She spoke in sad, despondent way,
When Mary strove to soothe, she said,
"We'll know ere many days are fled,
I can't say whence the warning came,
When father fell 'twas just the same,
I can't explain or tell you more,
But know for me there's grief in store."
It seemed, in part, was truth revealed,
Tom died that day on Shiloh's field!

When she received the tidings dread,
Scarce whiter could have been the dead,
Though all were conscious how she grieved,
No tears her burdened heart relieved;
In mute despair she sought the wood
Where she with Herman last had stood,
And there beneath the forest trees
Appeared more peaceful and at ease;
She had from human pity flown
To here commune with God alone.

The daylight faded into gloom
Ere Alice reached her little room.
Poor child! she sought no rest that night,
As was disclosed by morning light.
At morn she no appearance made,
Mary the breakfast hour delayed,
Deeming that sleep at last had brought
Relief to her o'erburdened thought.

Fear of disturbing such repose
Had kept her silent since she rose;
But as the kitchen clock struck nine
Came fears which she could not define,
A sudden dread of ill, she said,
And up to Alice's room she sped
And loudly knocked upon the door,
Then cried "Speak, Alice, I implore;"
As this elicits no reply
At once decides the lock to try.

The door swung back, no key was turned,
A lamp upon the mantle burned,
The pillow white, had not been pressed
And now she noticed, much distressed,

A little note by Alice penned
To her, the kind and faithful friend;
And this she seized, with trembling grasp,
And read aloud with startled gasp.

"Dear Mary, home to-night I leave,
O'er my departure do not grieve;
Nought of my purpose dare I tell;
Dear loving friend a long farewell."

Why, where or how she went none knew
Nor could they gain the slightest clue,
Though neighbors, an excited throng,
Sought her both earnestly and long.

Now Herman heard from her no more,
His mother wrote him, but forebore
To mention make of Alice's flight
Lest she should uselessly affright;
Short time, howe'er, could it be hushed
And Herman by the news was crushed.

"It is not marvelous," he said,
"Her father and her brother dead,

She lost her mind, poor lonely child!
The death of Thomas drove her wild."
He in his heart sincerely thought
That he could find her if he sought;
But though one's household dying lay
War was the order of the day,
Stern duty pointed to the strife
And honor counted more than life.

Our Newell was a patriot true,
No braver heart beat 'neath the blue,
Never would he desert his post
While stood in arms a rebel host,
But one sweet face, so sad and white,
Was in his thoughts both day and night.

PART SECOND.

THE troops of Michigan were brave
And evidence of valor gave,
We point with pride to deeds sublime
Which mark the annals of the time,
And some, of whom we write to-day,
Are numbered in that bold array.

Among the troops that left the North
Was a recruit named Allan Worth,
A comely youth with beardless face
And form so slight seemed scarce in place
'Mid scenes of war and rude alarms;
And yet he bravely bore his arms;
His eye was keen, his aim was true,
As many cunning marksmen knew;
Though he at times was somewhat sad
He was a genial, winsome lad,
Who, had he lived in former age,
Would shone at court as lady's page.

In camp of leisure time he spent
The greater part within his tent;
The ruder soldiers jeering said,
"He had by apron-strings been led."
Some mother's baby, who they thought,
Had left the home-nest ere he ought.
From oaths he would in horror shrink
And always shunned the fiery drink;
Still in the ranks he'd many friends
Who strove for slights to make amends,
By lending him their books to read
And telling him to take no heed
Of the rude things the boys would say,
Since his was far the better way.

Among the rougher class of men
Was one the boys styled Burly Ben,
A man with brow as dark as night
Who loved the timid to affright;
And often he, by some wild freak,
Would terrify the young or weak.

One day the drink was going round
While Allan, seated on the ground,

Was so engrossed by what he read,
As not to hear a word they said,
'Till Burly Ben, with cup in hand,
Before the reader took his stand
And, with a low and mocking bow
Said, "Boy, I'll see you drink this now."

Allan, surprised, sprang swiftly up,
And as he did so, dashed the cup
Into the ruffian's face; "Ho, Ben!"
The shout went round among the men,
"How do you like it thus?" asked they,
"The boy is true grit, anyway."

Ben had been taken by surprise,
The fiery liquid filled his eyes,
He swore a fearful oath that he
Would even with the stripling be.
Allan, with anger well suppressed,
At once, withdrew from all the rest,
But he had made a bitter foe
Who would contrive to work him woe;
And ever after that affair
Ben harassed Allan all he dare.

It was a sweet September night
Before the dread Antietam fight,
Two soldiers seated quite alone
Conversed in low and cautious tone;
"I come to you now," Allan said,
"Not knowing what to do instead;
Of Ben I have become afraid,
On some one I must call for aid,
I fear his dark malignant eyes
Have penetrated my disguise,
A secret until now my own
I must this night to you make known."

Now Herman Newell, for 'twas he,
Looked at the speaker earnestly;
From out his face the color fled
While wondering if the truth he read.

His heart stood still, then beat so fast
That such fierce throbbing could not last,
And leaning toward the soldier youth
He said, "Pray tell me all the truth,
Where is your home; your place of birth?
Is your name truly Allan Worth?"

"It is a name I've borne with pride,
But had no right," the youth replied.
"Does not your own heart tell you now
Where we have met, when last, and how?"

Still Newell sat in silence grave
Nor sign of recognition gave.
Then Allan's voice, still low with fear,
Said, "This must reach no other ear,
I, Alice North, your promised bride
Have stood in battle by your side
And fought as fearlessly as you,
Or any who have worn the blue;
But late I've learned that in this place
Is hourly danger of disgrace,
And so I have a coward grown
Nor longer dare remain unknown.

"And you, although you may despise,
Must help me still to some disguise;
In memory of the days gone by
I am assured you will comply;
Forgive me for the wrong and pain,
I will not trouble you again.

"Perhaps you wonder what wild dream
Could prompt me to such daring scheme.
I think that sorrow turned my brain,
That I was crazed by grief and pain,
I fear that thoughts of vengeance too,
Had something with the case to do,
And that I chose the course which brought
Me nearest the revenge I sought.

"I'd always Tom's companion been
And never deemed it shame or sin
To tramp with him through field and wood
And learn to shoot as Thomas could,
And oft his heart with pride would thrill
When witnessing his pupil's skill.
So well accustomed to such sport,
Firing and marching was my forte,
I'd training gained by youthful pranks
Surpassed by few within the ranks.

"When reason and reflection came
I feared that you my course would blame,
Since I should grieve if this were so,
I had resolved you should not know;

But caution triumphs over pride
And now you know the worst," she cried.

Herman had spoken not a word
Since he the startling facts had heard,
His face was pale, his lips compressed,
'Twas plain to see he was distressed.

At length he slowly raised his head,
"Strange I ne'er guessed the truth," he said,
"This trouble must be bravely met,
Fear not, my dear, I love you yet,
Nor can reproach you since I know
How full has been your cup of woe."

And then he asked, with puzzled air,
"What could so change a person's hair?
Yours once was auburn, very bright,
But now it is as dark as night."

"I wear a wig," the culprit said,
"Mine is a closely shaven head;
The ruse was a success, I see,
And quite concealed identity."

Herman awhile sat lost in thought,
The future seemed with danger fraught,
And then he spoke, "I'll not conceal
The great anxiety I feel;
Your confidence is not misplaced
And though we have no time to waste,
We can arrange some plan, I'm sure,
Your perfect safety to secure."

The next day was the battle waged,
And the stern conflict fiercely raged;
'Twas thought, that on that field of strife,
Young Allan Worth laid down his life.

Above that vast field, strewn with slain,
The air was filled with shrieks of pain;
The wounded called in vain for drink,
Some, as their life-blood ebbed, would sink
Into a state of dumb despair;
Some spend their latest breath in prayer.

There came a tender nurse that day
Who wiped the blood from lips away

And held a sparkling, cooling cup
For those who had the strength to sup;
Sighed where grim death had done his worst
And sought for those who still could thirst.

Thus all day long she gave her aid
Till fell at last the evening shade
Upon Antietam's fateful vale;
And stars looked down so cold and pale,
It seemed their glory bright had waned,
Dimmed by the record heroes gained.
But the brave nurse of whom we write
Was seen no more from that dread night;
Whither she went there's none could tell,
Or they could guard a secret well.

Kentucky holds a home to-day
Where merry lads and lasses play;
A sweet, love-sheltered, little nest
Where nothing rude comes to molest.
Here, Herman Newell and his wife
Now lead a peaceful, happy life,
And at their fireside long has smiled
The dear old face of Mary Wilde.

Here they their wedded life began,
They never visit Michigan.
The mother's sands of life were run
Before the cruel war was done,
And Herman has no ties to call
Him from the spot which holds his all;
Nor does he choose to take his wife
Where fell the shadows on her life.

Of that green wood they sometimes tell,
Where they one evening said farewell;
And Alice says the summer breeze
Finds nowhere else such grand old trees.

The song, which Herman loved when young,
Is still by Alice sweetly sung;
And sometimes when the prayers are said,
The little ones asleep in bed,
They speak in voices, soft and low,
Their memories of the long ago;
Speak of their dreary life in camp,
Of fields of carnage, once so damp
With blood of noble heroes, slain
To free our land from treason's stain.

They sometimes of Antietam speak,
But ever with a flushing cheek,
Still dreaming they alone on earth
Could tell how vanished Allan Worth.

THE END.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

DEAR Father and Mother:—I write you to-day
From Strawberry Plains, where in waiting we lay
For orders from those who are high in command,
We move in the work as our leaders have planned;
This is all that remains for a private to do.
Sometimes in these days I am fearfully blue,
And wish every duty, between us and peace,
Might soon be performed and hostilities cease.

I am tired of this life, and so long for my home,
Not far from its portals again would I roam.
A soldier's life now looks less tempting to me,
Camped out on the plains here in old Tennessee,
Than it did when at home I beheld it afar
And dreamed of the glory pertaining to war.
I was then a wild lad and troublesome too,
But if I am spared to return home to you,

I think you will find that some lessons I've learned;
In the book of my life a new leaf will be turned.
I would rather be ploughing the fallow again,
Or dragging it slowly with Brindle and Ben,
Than standing a picket out here on the plain,
On a dark, murky night in a drizzling rain.

I often have grumbl'd at Michigan weather,
But all of the Michigan winters together
Could never so chill one, it now seems to me,
As the cold winds that strike us in East Tennessee.
'Tis a beautiful country, I freely admit,
I've a view of the plains from the place where I sit,
And the old Alleghanies look lovingly down
On our white-gleaming tents, a miniature town,
And were he not homesick, the scenery would be
A constant delight to a fellow like me.

And now, Mother dear, I must tell you one thing
Which sorrow I know to poor Gertie will bring;
She asked about Ernest McCulloch, you see,
The very last time she was writing to me;
His letters for sometime were frigid, she thought,
But no explanation has she ever sought,

And now they have ceased, and she wishes to know
What I think the cause of his treating her so;
And I, like the coward I am, do not dare
To tell her that he is as fickle as air,
And so I take refuge in silence, you see,
And leave you to manage the matter for me.

There's a girl living near, who is youthful and sweet,
Whose conquest of Ernest I think is complete,
She is winsome and lovely as maiden can be,
And deems her admirer as guileless as she.
Her father was rich when the trouble began,
But now is reduced to a pauper, poor man!
I think Ernest pitied the daughter at first,—
But now finds he loves her—I've told you the worst.

The blue eyes of Gertie seem looking me through,
While her white lips are asking if this can be true;
It is true! and if Ernest McCulloch had died
In battle, her grief would have mingled with pride.
His name stood enrolled on that record of light,
With heroes who fell in defence of the right;
But he's acted the coward; I'm thinking to-day
We sometimes make idols of very poor clay.

But, wise little mother, your counsel bestow,
And all will be well with dear sister, I know;
Still I often wonder just what I should do,
Were some other fellow to rob me of Sue.

Tell lone Widow Simpson that Ted is all right;
The lad was most terribly frightened last night;
Ted's a number one drummer and good, as boys go,
But famous for getting in mischief, you know;
He went out last evening some chickens to catch,
On returning discovered a nice melon-patch;
He hung up his plunder and sat down to eat
When some of the other boys reached his retreat,
These comrades had silently followed his track,
They now took the chickens both out of the sack,
In the place of his booty they put a great stone,
Then hiding, one boy gave an agonized moan;
The moan was succeeded by groans, loud and deep,
And chills up his spine were beginning to creep,
He suspected that some one was playing a game
But thought that he better be going, the same,
He endeavored to take down the sack with its freight
And was greatly alarmed when he noticed its weight.

When a voice, deep and dreadful, said, "heavy is sin!
Terrence Simpson, its wages are hidden within,
Now be not deluded, your deeds are all known."
Teddy fainted with fright and fell 'neath the stone.
The boys soon revived him and brought him to camp,
As I write he sits near me, we all love the scamp;
He is still somewhat pale, the effect of his fright,
But just tell his mother that Ted is all right.

This letter is long, but I've nothing to do,
And so I am talking on paper to you.
It is rumored of late that we soon are to leave,
So mother, please write me, that I may receive
A letter from home, without any delay,
Before the time comes for my marching away.
Your letters are treasures I know how to prize,
But I long for a glance from your love-lighted eyes;
To tell the truth, mother, I'm pining for you,
And the sight of dear father, and Gertrude and Sue.

The cause of my country is dear to my heart,
Don't think I am weary of taking her part;
I do not regret that I came to her aid,
And think her deserving the sacrifice made.

I only would say that the home of my youth
I see in the strong light of reason and truth,
That I've learned the worth of the friends I possess,
In boyhood was thoughtless and valued them less.
And now, my dear parents, a loving adieu
Your boy in the army, your poor, homesick Lew.

THAT BUCKET OF MARMALADE.

WE chaps who went to face the foe,
Faced many other things, you know,
In fact we have to do so yet,
For veterans can ne'er forget
Any good drive they ever had
On a misguided soldier lad.

They sometimes got a joke on me,
They did in eighteen sixty-three;
And every time we meet they'll say
"How are you, Ike? Feel well to-day?
And is your appetite as good
As when we camped in Temple's wood,
And you such heavy onslaught made
On that bucket of marmalade?"

I now laugh at the joke, you see,
But couldn't much in sixty-three.

You never heard that story told?
Well, it is good if it is old,
And if you're not in haste to go,
I'll tell you all about it, Joe.
We'll sit down here beneath this oak
And while I spin the yarn we'll smoke.

Orders were very strict, you see,
As strict as orders well could be,
"There should no foraging be done,"
But nonsense! Joe, it went right on.
Of course, we chaps walked pretty light
Whene'er we made a raid at night;
Had they known half we were about
They would have punished us, no doubt.

One night Bill Jones and Tom McCree
And Leonard White they said to me,
"Now Ike, look here, you just sleep light,
We have a job on hand to-night,
We'll have a feast and no mistake
If we no horrid blunder make."
So when the camp at last was still
From out our bunks crept me and Bill

And stole along without delay
Where Len and Tommy waiting lay,
And then we all set bravely off,
Not daring though to sneeze or cough.
We chose, of course, a moonless night,
But stars were out and by their light
We took our silent cautious way
To where an old plantation lay.

The Southern people, it would seem,
Build near some little running stream
Which they from shore to shore will span
By milk-house on a spacious plan,
Besides the milk, too, other stores
Were safely kept within its doors,
Or had been safely kept, I mean,
Until by hungry soldiers seen,
Who, tired of hard-tack, longed instead
For a good dish of milk and bread.

It was the forager's delight
To force those doors at dead of night,
And from the spoils of such a raid
Full many a tempting meal was made.

To Yankees those estates look queer,
We make so much of roads up here,
While there the place of their abode
Is often far from public road.
Now we would think it very strange
To see a farmer here arrange
To build a stately residence
Nearly a mile from road line fence;
But at the South 'tis often done,
And this farmhouse was such a one.

It loomed up dark and threat'ningly
Beneath the starlit summer sky;
But we boys did not feel afraid,
We kept beneath the friendly shade
Of tree and shrub, and gazed around.
Sure we a fruitful field had found
For depredations which would give
Us something good on which to live.

At length, Len said, "Let's get to work,
Now Billy don't you try to shirk,
You come with me, and Ike, I say,
That you and Tom must find a way

To get into the milk-house near,
But listen sharp and if you hear
A noise you think may bode you ill
Just imitate the whip-poor-will,
And we will come to your relief;
But we must make our visit brief;
The smoke-house is not far away,
We'll visit that and make it pay."

We were as cautious as could be,
Making a circuit noiselessly,
And very soon the milk-house found;
But here our hopes fell to the ground,
The strong door stood with lock and chain,
And all our efforts were in vain;
We pushed and pulled with all our might
Until we noticed, with delight,
That deeply sat within the wall
There was a window square and small.

'Twas open to admit the air,
And I said, "Tommy if you dare,
I'm much the taller, as you know,
Just mount my shoulders, in you go!"

"No, thank you, comrade," Tommy said,
"I'd rather you would go instead."

Without more words, I clambered in,
The place was just as dark as sin,
I'd struck a match to make a light
When I was seized with sudden fright,
A savage dog came down the hill,
The signal of the whip-poor-will
Never occurred to us at all;
I cowered against the cold stone wall,
While Tom, poor Tom! danced round and round
In mortal terror of the hound;
Then yelling like a painted brave
Thus to the others warning gave.

They'd just secured a ham and fowl
When startl'd by the double howl.
Now rushing down came Bill and Len,
Only to rush away again,
And after them, in fierce pursuit
Was following the angry brute.
I feared he'd soon on soldiers feast,
When, all at once, the tumult ceased;—

I don't know what they did, but Len
Said Tray would never howl again.

Meanwhile Tom, filled with fear and dread,
With speed had toward the quarters fled.
When all were gone I struck a light,
And there beheld a pleasing sight;
It seemed that storehouse was replete
With everything that's good to eat.
I gazed around as in a dream,
Then feasted upon cake and cream.
Then looking round in eager quest
For something that would be the best
To give the boys a royal treat,
(We had a famous tooth for sweet),
I saw with other fruits displayed
A bucket full of marmalade.

Soon to this wondrous prize of mine
I had attached my fishing line,
Grasping the bucket with a will,
I reached again the window sill,
I then let down the precious freight
And, daring not to hesitate

Dropped swiftly to the ground below.
How far I fell I do not know;
I could not swear to it, 'tis true,
But think of windows there were two,
For no such distance could have been
Beneath the one where I went in.

I got one of those sudden jars
Which makes a fellow see new stars,
And my poor head seemed whirling round
With a queer sort of buzzing sound.

But when that queer sensation passed
And I could stand alone at last,
I thought it time for my retreat
And sought the camp with flying feet.

'Twas great relief to reach my tent,
In, like a sneaking thief I went;
There, curled up in a little heap
I found my bunkmate fast asleep.

I hid my prize and went to bed
With weary limbs and aching head;

Though it was something new to me,
We'd had, no doubt, a glorious spree,
And with the morning bugle call
Came recollections of it all.

Bill, notwithstanding all his fright
Brought in a lusty ham that night,
And now was boasting over Len
Who fought the cur and lost the hen.

"Ike, what have you," a comrade cried,
"'Tis something jolly," I replied.
Breakfast was soon prepared, and I
Resolved at once my sauce to try,——
As I my steaming coffee sipped
And in the pail of hardtack dipped,
I took a tempting mouthful up,
But soon I dropped my coffee cup,
Sprang to my feet and dashed away,
And cleansed my mouth without delay.

The biting substance closely clung
To bleeding lips and smarting tongue,

The glorious prize! my pride and hope!!
Was but a pail of *new soft soap.*

Much as I dreaded gibes and jeers
I shed some drops of scalding tears,
While cruel comrades rolled around,
Convulsed with laughter, on the ground.

The way the boys all laughed and joked
Would wiser lads than I provoked.
But little did my wrath avail
They stirred the contents of the pail.

One lifted some upon a stick
Remarking it was nice and thick,
And like my mother used to make
And that 'twas eaten for her sake.
"Oh it brings back the days gone by!"
Said Leonard, "and it makes him cry."

The joke the boys all thought so good
Flew through the camp, I knew it would,
And still it seems they would explode
When they recall the episode.

I then was very young and green,
An awkward lad about eighteen;
And that performance cured me quite
I never foraged from that night;
That was my final escapade—
The tussle with the marmalade.

WILLIE LEE.

THE soft, golden October sunlight
Threw over the hillsides asheen;
It bathed all the summits with beauty,
Just kissing the valleys between.

The trees in the orchards were bending
'Neath the weight of the fruitage they bore,
And the air, sweetly laden with fragrance,
Came in through the old farmhouse door.

Like a beautiful, bright revelation
Came this phase of the autumn to me,
To the Michigan forests accustomed
And the breath of the restless pine tree.

On the banks of the sweeping Muskegon
I wandered and played as a child,
Ere the sharp, ruthless axe of the woodman
Had ruined our beautiful wild.

The forests were fast disappearing
And farms springing up in their stead,
The wolf held aloof from the clearing,
The deer to the northward had fled.

Our humble and primitive dwellings
Possessed little pleasing to view,
And the beautiful homes of New England
To me were as charming as new.

A guest to my dear father's sister
I came for a season to stay,
And enjoyed with the keenest of relish
New beauties discovered each day.

Instead of a deep rolling river,
On whose banks, like a silvery thread,
Stretched the trail of the fleet-footed red man,
Where only the daring might tread.

I found rugged hills, crowned with verdure,
With vales nestl'd softly between,
Where bright, purling streams, clear as crystal,
Dashed on to the meadows so green.

My aunt was a sweet, comely woman,
Whose smile went direct to the heart;
Her home was a haven of comfort
Bespeaking the housewifely art.

My uncle, how shall I describe him?
Not handsome, indeed, yet not plain;
Not tall, but of medium stature,
And a face which would confidence gain.

His brown eyes were earnest and tender;
In their depths, like a magical charm,
Lay the light of a calm resignation,
Uncle William had only one arm.

He lost one, aunt told me, in battle,
"Before you were married?" asked I.
"Yes, Nellie," she gently made answer,
"I'll tell you the story by and by."

How fleeting that beautiful autumn!
It passed like a short blissful dream;
And soon the cold breath of the winter
Would fetter each murmuring stream.

Though my holiday, spent in New Hampshire,
Will long a sweet memory be,
Still the forest-decked Michigan landscapes
Were home-like and lovely to me.

From my home, near the town of Newaygo,
I had never been absent before;
My parents were growing impatient
And wishing my visit were o'er.

So heeding the summons, just hinted,
I soon for the West would depart,
Recalling the promise aunt made me,
Which I had laid up in my heart.

I came to her side in the evening
And said, "My departure is near,
I hope you will tell me, Aunt Ellen,
The story you said I should hear."

I drew to her feet a low hassock
And rested my head on her knee,
While she, in a voice low and tender
Rehearsed her love-story to me.

'Twas a beautiful tale of devotion
To one who was wearing the blue;
And I, in my plain, humble fashion,
Will tell it in substance to you.

My parents were natives of Linwood,
Have never lived elsewhere than here;
Will's parents were much valued neighbors,
Whose residence stood very near.

We grew up together from childhood,
Our farms were adjoining, you see,
The Lees had no child except Willie,
At your Grandfather Linton's were three.

Their names, Edward, Maurice and Ellen,
A right merry trio were we,
Who always were sure of a welcome
In the home of our kind neighbor Lee.

Like brothers were Maurice and Willie,
Both jolly, and near of an age,
While Edward was four years their senior
And somewhat more sober and sage.

But I, only two years their junior,
In all of their frolics took part;
I think now that even in childhood
I had given to Willie my heart.

Together we strolled through the wildwood
In quest of early spring flowers,
Or angled for fish in the trout stream,
Beguiling the long summer hours.

We went to the same little school-house,
From the same books studied and read,
And oft in the cold days of winter,
Will drew me to school on his sled.

The bright, sunny days of our childhood
Flew by on the pinions of time,
We marked not their musical numbers,
We only rejoiced in their chime.

But all lads and lasses grow taller
As year after year flies away,
And we from our sweet, idle dreaming
Were rudely awakened one day.

It happened one morning in April
That father called Maurice aside
And after a brief consultation,
Some question had seemed to decide.

That summer my walk to the school-house
Was usually taken alone,
For Maurice helped Ed with the farming;
Will Lee to a distance had gone,

That he might have advantages greater
Than our country schools could afford;
We eagerly looked for his letters,
Remembered and cherished each word.

And when he returned at vacation,
We hailed his appearance with joy,
He came back unchanged by his absence
And still was the same merry boy.

Some years must be given to study,
And then, 'twas his parents' desire
That he should return to the homestead
And follow the plow, like his sire.

Before he departed that autumn
I wore just a tiny gold band,
'Tis a trifling token of friendship,
Said Will, "Nellie you understand

"That to me you are like a dear sister,
You know I have none of my own;"
He kissed me in brotherly fashion
As he used to before we were grown.

He sprang lightly over the paling
And whistled a tune as he went;
I watched till he passed from my vision,
Then turned with a smile of content.

Will thinks of me now as a sister,
Such friendship will never subside;
He'll love me far more in the future
And some day will make me his bride.

And the frail, little golden circlet,
Which meant very little to Will,
Was to my girlish fancy the emblem
Of a love that is living still.

It was near the close of the autumn,
A New England Thanksgiving day,
We welcomed to Linwood a stranger,
The niece of our good Dr. May.

The daughter of his only brother,
The last of his race and his name;
She came to reside with her uncle
And we were rejoiced that she came.

This Lillian May was a beauty,
With features of loveliness rare,
And eyes blue as pansies, just matching
The rich golden brown of her hair.

In form she was slender and graceful,
Her manner was pleasing and mild,
Her face was as sweet and as tender
As that of an innocent child.

She won all our hearts as by magic,
We willingly bowed at her shrine;
Beholding the beautiful casket
We counted the contents divine.

She joined in our rustic diversions,
Like corn-husking bees in the barn,
Or sat by the hour paring apples,
Or winding some long skein of yarn.

Do you wonder that long ere the winter
Was gone, with its frolic and fun,
That Edward consigned to her keeping
The heart she completely had won?

The winter passed by with its coasting,
Its skating, and merry sleigh-rides,
And Spring, with her emerald mantle,
Was clothing the sloping hillsides.

When Willie, from college returning,
Came over, at once, as of old;
We plied him with numerous questions
And many an incident told.

I now had become a young lady
And so must not ramble at will,
I longed for my haunts in the wildwood,
And the dashing trout-stream by the mill.

Instead there were picnics and parties,
Which did very well in their way;
The centre of all admiration
Was sweet, artless Lillian May.

Her obedient escort was Edward,
And dearly he loved her, I knew,
Content in his love, their betrothal
Was only made known to a few.

Lillie pleaded her youth as a reason
That they should delay for a while
To have their engagement made public;
"You can trust me," said she, with a smile.

And he, with a lover's devotion,
Had readily granted her plea,
Only asking to speak on the subject
To her uncle, our parents and me.

And thus was the matter still resting
When Willie returned to the farm;
He met her quite often, like others
He soon was subdued by her charm.

As time passed his interest deepened,
He spent many hours at her side,
Nor dreamed as she smiled, that another
Could claim her as his promised bride.

My brother was proud and in anger
Turned silently, coldly away,
Renouncing his friendship for Willie
And passion for Lillian May.

There now was dislike and aversion
Where friendship had hitherto been;
Thus often the innocent suffer
While those appear blameless who sin.

Though I had my own secret sorrow,
As you have discovered, my dear,
I grieved that these ties should be severed
With grief that was truly sincere.

Just now through the breadth of our country
There sounded the dreadful alarm
Of bold and high-handed rebellion,
Which called for each patriot arm.

What noted we then of our troubles?
We laid disagreements aside,
As fathers and brothers and cousins
Were swelling the outgoing tide.

At once in our home there was arming
For part in the terrible fray,
Both Edward and Maurice enlisted
And soon would be marching away.

Will Lee called upon us but seldom
Since Edward was distant and cold,
But now in this time of excitement
He dropped in again as of old.

One eve as the glory of sunset
Was gliding the west with its flame,
Will came and leaned in on the casement
And calling me softly by name,

Said, "Nellie, come out in the garden,
I've something important to say,
I've enlisted and soon shall be leaving,
And there is no time for delay."

My heart with emotion was swelling
As Willie, with face all aglow,
Gave into my care and my keeping
His sweetheart, my rival, you know.

His eyes, full of eloquent pleading,
Looked earnestly down upon me;
I could not refrain from remarking
That I was still younger than she.

"Yes, that is quite true," he made answer,
"But you're self-reliant and strong,
While Lillie is timid and shrinking,
The days will be dreary and long.

"The poor little girl loves me dearly,
I'm sorry to leave her," he said,
Oh! how I was longing to tell him
Just how she had treated our Ed.

But pride and reserve held me silent
Lest he should my secret suspect,
I swallowed a sob in my anguish
And promised his love to protect,

From what or from whom did not question;
Since he seemed to think it was best
To leave her in somebody's keeping,
I could but respect his request.

I well knew he meant me to comfort
And soothe her in sorrow and woe,
Should he die or be wounded in battle,
Endeavor to soften the blow.

I regarded this promise as sacred;
Though I had misgivings for Will
I strove as one friend to another
His parting behest to fulfill.

The morning, at length, came for parting,
And bidding our soldiers adieu,
We gathered around, friends and neighbors,
But words were low spoken and few.

The brave little band there assembled
That forth to the conflict would go,
Were all in the first flush of manhood,
Their hearts with youth's fervor aglow.

Thus went forth the flower of our nation
From the length and the breadth of our land.
Oh! the heart-aches and dread desolation,
The bereft can alone understand.

Long after my brother's departure,
Our mother, quite shaken by grief,
Claimed all of my time and attention,
This care was to me a relief.

It left me no time for repining,
No time for indulgence in tears,
This labor of love for my parents
Was balm to my heart in those years.

Lillie came to our house very often,
And we grew more intimate then,
She spoke of her passion for Willie,
And called him a king among men.

"But tell me," I pleaded, one evening,
"How you could cast Edward aside
When you had so solemnly promised
That you would ere long be his bride?"

"You should not be scolding me, Nellie,"
She laid her bright head on my knee,
"I thought that I loved Edward dearly
Till I met his friend, Willie Lee.

"I knew the first moment I saw him
That he held my fate in his hand;
He's not tall and handsome, like Edward,
But Oh! he's so noble and grand!"

And then I sat silently musing,
I meant not to be too severe,
Still knew that the girl there before me
Had broken a heart I held dear.

I chided my heart for its throbbing
As I pictured my desolate life,
While one heartless, thoughtless and fickle
I fancied a dearly loved wife.

How seldom the veil of the future
Is lifted for mortals below,
How little we know in our blindness
Of blessings the years may bestow.

At first the boys wrote us quite often
Then letters were farther apart.
We searched all the papers for tidings
Till we had their contents by heart.

One day I returned from the office
With face so distorted and pale
That mother, who came out to meet me,
Read therein some terrible tale.

The paper I held in my fingers
She took from me quickly and read
That Edward, her idolized first-born,
The pride of our household, was dead!

Poor mother! I ne'er shall forget it,
That look of unspeakable woe;
And then, with a face white as marble,
She fainted and fell 'neath the blow.

And father, his grief was heart-rending,
It seemed it would kill him, outright,
But he bore up bravely for her sake
And left not her side day or night.

The first snow of winter was falling
On orchard and forest and field,
Ere mother again filled the station,
Her anguish compelled her to yield.

Our letters from Maurice were frequent,
As letters from soldiers might be;
And Willie, who seemed in good spirits,
Wrote Lillie, his parents and me.

The winter passed drearily by us
And brought little change in our life;
We watched, with anxiety fearful,
For news of the far distant strife.

Our hearts thrilled with proud exultation
When hearing of victories gained,
Or sank in despair or dejection
When loss and defeat were sustained.

Eight months had elapsed since our Edward
Had laid down his life for the right,
When again came the terrible tidings—
Another had fallen in fight.

Not dead, only wounded in action,
The *Chronicle* briefly had said;
We feared as we read the sad message
That even ere this, he was dead.

But God in His infinite mercy
Had willed it should otherwise be;
And soon there arrived a brief letter
Directed to poor Mr. Lee.

It was written by one of the nurses
Where Will in a hospital lay,
Said the writer, "Your son, who is wounded,
Is asking for you night and day."

Will's father and mother were feeble
And now were so shaken by fears,
'Twas dreadful to witness their sorrow;
Together we mingled our tears.

To me who had cherished his image
Since we were small children at play
Came a peaceful and calm resignation
I could not have fathomed that day.

A long and a tedious journey
The father now ventured upon,
For him 'twas a great undertaking,
But he only thought of his son.

Arriving at his destination,
He wrote to the grief-stricken one
At home, and so anxiously waiting,
Just what had befallen her son.

She placed in my hand the long letter
And said, in a tremulous tone,
"I am glad you are with me this evening,
I dreaded to read it alone."

Mr. Lee found Willie still living,
Though close to the brink of the grave
Still hoped that a strong constitution
And excellent nursing might save.

At present he could not remove him
From under the good surgeon's care;
He bade her meanwhile to be hopeful
And mention them daily in prayer.

And then he went on to prepare her
For serious changes in Will;
Before we had finished the reading
The hearts in our bosoms stood still.

Our strong, manly son is a wreck, wife,
Of the boy who went out from the farm;
At Gettysburg, valiantly fighting,
While charging, he lost his left arm.

He is otherwise painfully wounded,
But seems to be doing quite well;
Should there be a change for the worse, dear,
I'll send a dispatch on to L—.

Long after I finished the letter
I sat with my eyes on the floor;
I feared its effect on the mother,
But she was more calm than before.

'Tis terrible! Nellie, my darling,
Should he live, is crippled for life;
And some one must carry the tidings
To one who will soon be his wife.

And now I remembered the promise
I made in the garden to Will,
I deemed it was only my duty
And hastn'd the trust to fulfill.

For me 'twas a delicate mission,
A pitiful, heart-breaking task!
How would Lillian meet this affliction,
I dreaded the shadow to cast.

There were others, I knew, who as deeply
Would grieve o'er this chapter of woes;
While some must be silently patient,
Each heart its own bitterness knows.

With all her sweet radiant beauty
She seemed little more than a child;
I pitied her then, in her anguish,
Her grief was so bitter and wild.

I strove to administer comfort,
My gentle remonstrance was vain,
She only replied by fresh outbursts,
While tears fell like torrents of rain.

"Let her cry," said the worthy physician,
"Such tears are a source of relief."
So I sadly returned from my mission
And left her alone with her grief.

The days were as long and as dreary
As Willie foretold they would be;
But since there arrived no dispatches
He surely is better, thought we.

And we were correct, for the father
At length, sent a letter to say
That Willie was rapidly gaining
And soon they would be on their way.

The soft, sweet, September sunshine
Lay over the old Granite State
And bathed in its brightness the homestead
Where loved ones in eagerness wait.

The rumbling old stage from the village
Rolls up to the Lee cottage door,
By the help of his father and driver
Will crosses the threshold once more.

How solemn and sacred the meeting
Between the loved mother and son!
But we draw a veil o'er the greeting
Let no careless eyes look thereon.

From the fond embrace of his mother
Will turned to the girl of his choice,
From the pale frozen lips of his idol
There issued no welcoming voice.

Lillie scanned the battle-wrecked hero,
Her face full of horror and dread,
And then like a storm-broken blossom
She fell at his feet like one dead.

They called me in haste to her bedside
And ere long she slowly revived,
But to moan and bewail the condition
In which her affianced arrived.

"Oh, Nellie! he does look so dreadful!
He is not at all like my Will!
I was not expecting to see him
So shockingly changed, and so ill.

"And then 'tis so awful to see it,
That limp sleeve without any arm!
I wish he had not joined the army
But always remained on the farm."

In silent and stern indignation
I turned and escaped from the room—
And this is the girl he will marry!
'Tis truly a terrible doom!

I wanted to welcome the soldier
For I had not seen him as yet,
On a couch I found him reclining
And fancied his eyelids were wet;

But quiet as though he were sleeping;
His one hand reposed on his breast,
As after fatigue and excitement,
He lay calmly taking his rest.

How wasted and worn were his features,
Their hue like the pallor of death!
One scarcely would think he were living
But for his deep regular breath.

He seemed not to note my approaching
Till softly I stepped to his side
And laying my hand on his forehead,
"Welcome home, brave soldier," I cried.

"And so this is you, little Nellie,
Are you not afraid of me too?
Don't I look to you like a phantom
Or spectre of some boy in blue?"

"Oh, you are much more than a spectre,
'Tis true you are wasted and wan,
But now you're at home with your mother
You soon will be hearty again."

"I may regain health in a measure,
But I am a cripple for life;
Perhaps it would have been better
Had I fallen dead in the strife."

"You are one of the props of the nation
And what can you ask to be more?
Your life in itself is a treasure,
And holds many blessings in store."

"God grant that it may, but I tell you
'Tis hard to be found in such plight
That the girl I adore faints before me,
And nearly is killed by the fright;

"And that after I was expected
For such a long wearisome while,
But I am no doubt, weak and childish."
His lips frame a pitiful smile.

"She was quite overcome by emotion
To see you so wasted and pale;
You know she is timid and shrinking,
No wonder her courage should fail.

"Now banish all fears and foreboding
No time for repining to-night;
This day of your happy home-coming
Should hold only joy and delight."

I left him, returning to Lillie,
For once I spoke freely my mind;
I tried to do this in a manner
Which would not seem harsh or unkind,

But told her what I deemed her duty,
And strove to make her understand
How Will in his heart must be longing
For one kindly touch of her hand.

The result of this conversation,
At least, was a comfort to me;
She somewhat recovered her spirits
And finally, "Nellie," said she,

"'Twas a coward's reception I gave him,
And I am ashamed of it too!
I'll go now and welcome my soldier,——
I wish I were braver, like you."

As the door closed softly behind her
I felt that some good had been done,
And though my own heart had been aching
O'er it I had victory won.

The evening so peaceful and holy,
With its star-gemmed diadem bright,
Fell over the landscape in beauty
As we said a cheerful, good night.

As Willie each day became stronger,
Of Maurice he often would speak,
And Oh, how his brown eyes would kindle!
The color mount up to his cheek,

When speaking of terrible conflicts
In which they had fought side by side;
To praise he bestowed upon Maurice
My parents would listen with pride.

But now we grew sad and disheartened
As month after month passed away,
And still from the front came the tidings
Of many a fearful affray.

In the midst of the battle went Maurice,
It seemed that he bore a charmed life,
The officers noticed his valor
In fearlessly facing the strife.

We carefully noted all details,
And proud of our heroes were we
While watching the unsurpassed triumph
Of Sherman's grand march to the sea.

And when came the glorious tidings
That Lee had surrendered, at last,
Our fervent and joyful thanksgiving
Was never by mortals surpassed.

Now we very soon should see Maurice
And joyfully welcome him home:
The dreadful Rebellion was over
And ere long our loved one would come.

One letter contained an announcement
Which set our old homestead astir,
At the South he should marry a lady
And claimed a warm welcome for her.

Oh, there were such happy reunions!
Scenes ever remembered by all,
As many brave heroes surviving
Returned to their homes in the fall.

How noble and grand was our Maurice,
He an officer's uniform wore,
The bright epaulets of a major
Upon his broad shoulders he bore.

Promoted for bravery in battle
At Williamsburg and at Bull Run,
At Gettysburg, too, made a record
Which for him distinction had won.

His wife was a bright winsome creature,
Of whom it is needless to tell,
Since better you know your dear mother
Than does your old auntie, my Nell.

They lived for a year at the homestead,
Then brother to Michigan went;
Engaging in pine speculation
He soon for his family sent.

Since you were an infant, my namesake,
You've lived in the Wolverine State;
But I must proceed with the story
For which you impatiently wait.

When Maurice and family left us
The old home was lonely, indeed,
Of all of my strong self-reliance
I found that I now stood in need.

The health of my father was failing,
Much care now devolved upon me,
I cheerfully took up the burden,
Nor murmured at heaven's decree.

Will Lee still remained with his parents,
No change had there been in his life,
The girl he had worshiped so blindly,
Ere this was another man's wife.

To Lillie he never alluded,
Although we were intimate friends;
I knew nothing only conjectured
True love ne'er to question descends.

In autumn the fell hand of fever
Was heavily laid on the Lees;
They bore out Will's father and mother
To sleep 'neath the green willow trees;

While over the couch of the soldier
The death-angel hovered so near
That those who were tenderly watching
Were filled with foreboding and fear.

Delirium clouded his reason,
His mind would revert to the past,
He would call out to Edward and Maurice
And say they were marching too fast.

At times he would call out to Nellie
To come and sit down by his side,
That he might entreat her to love him
And some future day be his bride.

The cry that arose from that sick-room
Went straight to my desolate heart,
I then learned the love which he bore me,
The truth which he feared to impart;

And thoughts of the pride of the Lintons
Still surged through his fever-crazed brain
With the fear that his suit, if he pressed it
Would meet with repulse and disdain.

My tears fell like rain on his pillow,
No thought of resentment had I,
My life should be one of devotion
If ever this dark cloud rolled by.

It seemed the death-angel would triumph;
I prayed as I ne'er prayed before
That God would in merciful kindness
The health of my loved one restore.

God granted my prayer, and one evening
His brown eyes were fixed upon mine;
A look of such love-light and longing
I could not have failed to define.

I took the thin hand of my patient
And sat down my vigil to keep,
While he, the first time during illness,
Sank into a sweet peaceful sleep.

While Will was so weak and enfeebled
I dared not to leave him alone
To the care of the cousin who nursed him,
The gentle, kind-hearted Ned Stone.

When he was pronounced convalescent
I left him to Ned's tender care,
Returned to the home of my parents
To find a new restfulness there.

The care of the Lees in their illness
Had much of it fallen on me,
After all this unwonted exertion
'Twas sweet in its shelter to be.

But I was not ill, only weary,
And ere long my strength had regained.
I sometimes called in to see Willie,
But ever felt shy and restrained,

Determined to make no advances;
I had striven to do well my part,
From all I had done, and had suffered,
He surely had fathomed my heart.

The snow from the hills had departed,
The south wind whispered of flowers,
Ere Willie the strength had recovered
To walk from his cottage to ours.

'Tis needless to say he came often,
His home was as still as a tomb,
And grief for the loss of his parents
Threw o'er it a desolate gloom.

The spring swiftly sped toward the summer
And we were rejoiced to behold
That Willie, his health now returning,
Was more like the Willie of old.

He seemed to grow hopeful and happy
And chatted more freely with me,
We pitied his lonely condition
And often he tarried to tea.

One evening we walked in the garden,
As once we had walked there before,
Our theme was the valor of soldiers
Who arms in the late trouble bore.

Said Will, in his impulsive fashion,
"We worship such heroes as those,
And yet on the plain of life's conflict
They might have been vanquished, who knows?

"I stood a true soldier in action,
And fell with my face to the foe,
But could easier face a battalion,
Than one little woman I know.

"To-night I have summoned my courage,
'Twill be victory, dear, or defeat,
I now stake my all on the venture,
And calmly the issue will meet;

"Will lay my life open before you
And let you look into my heart,
Should the sight of its contents appall you
I soon for the West shall depart.

"My infatuation for Lillie
You knew from the first, Nellie dear,
But I have repented my folly
For more than a long, bitter year.

"When I returned home so disabled
You knew how she shrank from me then,
I attributed all to her weakness,
Oh, I was the blindest of men!

"For I am not fickle by nature
And so I could not understand
That the heartless and beautiful creature,
Wished me to relinquish her hand.

"But once when I spoke of our bridal
She threw of the mask she had worn,
The words which she uttered were cruel
And grievous, indeed, to be borne.

"I saw how deformed was her nature,
My idol had crumbled to clay;
All I had deemed love and devotion
Was turned into loathing that day.

"I learned then I never had loved her,
It was but a fancy of youth,
Though rudely awakened I bless her
For having once told me the truth.

"In contrast to hers was presented
Your own pure and unselfish life,
Your kindness to one who was crippled,
And tears for those fallen in strife.

"Nell, we have been friends from our childhood,
But, darling, I crave something more;
I'll strive to make happy your future,
Oh, give me the right, I implore.

"The wife of a poor one armed soldier
I ask you my love to become,
My life will be worthless without you
And dark and deserted my home."

You know that I could not refuse him,
I promised to marry him soon;
He gave me the kiss of betrothal
That night 'neath the light of the moon.

September smiled sweet on our bridal;
I have never regretted my choice,
To see you as happy, my darling,
Will make your Aunt Ellen rejoice.

Aunt ceased for the story was finished;
I was but a girl of sixteen,
But the romance, so sad, and so tender
Is still in my memory green.

I vowed I would marry a soldier;
The best I've been able to do
Was to capture the son of a hero
Who perished while wearing the blue.

Now Peace spreads her snowy white pinions
And smiles on this land of the free;
We'll cherish their memory ever
Who died, my dear country, for thee.

Let the grave of each gallant defender
Be strewn with the blossoms of May,
And gather the last bloom of autumn
Above their brave bosoms to lay

MICHIGAN PINE.

THERE'S a chord in my heart which vibrates with pain
At the sight of a pine standing lone on the plain;
And memory reverts to that pioneer day
When those lords of the forests held absolute sway,
And the Michigan pines in their glory were seen
An unbroken splendor of shimmering green.

I was but a child, but my eyes will grow wet
As I picture the scene which my vision first met,
As I came from the East, where the pines failed to grow,
And viewed their expanse 'neath the sun's golden glow.
'Twas the Muskegon valley, Oh, beautiful sight!
Whose vast sea of green filled my heart with delight.
How it rose, and then fell with the breath of the breeze,
That great restless sea of gigantic pine trees.

And as we arrived at the valley at last
And through the dense forest with difficulty passed,

The air was so sweet with the breath of the pine
That it lifted our spirits like draughts of new wine.
But never again may we gaze on that scene;
A dream of the past is that splendor of green.
The restless Muskegon sweeps down to its mouth,
The soft, whispering zephyrs come up from the south,
But the pines where they reveled and sported in glee
They never again in their visits shall see.

I wonder sometimes as I lovingly dream
Of that valley of pine and its deep rolling stream
If the cedars of Lebanon, stately and fair,
Could e'er with our own native pine tree compare;
And deep in my heart there is hidden a shrine
Sacred to the memory of Michigan Pine.

WHITTIER.

WHITTIER our bard is dead!
And above his silent bed
We now weep,
Done with earthly care and pain
This our loss is but his gain,
Sweet his sleep!

His pure life was like a stream
Where the golden sunbeams gleam
As it flows,
Lapsing into restful shade
Which the length'ning shadows made
Near its close.

His was not a mighty pen,
But it thrilled the hearts of men
Many times,
Like the sound of sweet-toned bells
As their melting music swells
In sweet chimes.

Some have said he had no claim
To a great poetic name;—
Be it so,
Still his sweet, pathetic rhyme
Will live through all coming time,
This we know.

When the evening shadows fall,
And the waiting angel's call
Is for me,
May I calmly view the shore
Of the glory-evermore
As did he.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

BRIGHTLY falls the golden sunlight
On this autumn afternoon,
Bathing all the earth with splendor,
Still my harp is out of tune,

I can wake but notes of sadness;
Mournful music fills my heart,
Dirges for the friends of summer
Now preparing to depart.

Some already have departed,
Birds to sunny Southern lands,
Flowers are dead, and soon the brooklets
Will be bound in icy bands.

We must bid farewell to brightness
E'en the leaves upon the trees,
Glowing now with gold and crimson
Will be scattered by the breeze.

Thus, poor heart! thy hopes have perished,
Youth was bright with joyous dreams,
But they fell like leaves of autumn
Or were chilled like ice-bound streams.

One by one they have departed
Or like summer flowers are dead
Leaving only memories tender
Of the sunny days long fled.

Yet I know the breath of springtime
Will be sweet with fragrant flowers,
And the birds, now fleeing southward,
Will return to Northern bowers.

Streams released from icy fetters
Will go rippling on their way,
Trees by autumn blasts left leafless
Stand once more in green array.

I am soothed by these reflections,
And there comes to me the thought
That, perhaps, the unseen future
May hold blessings I have sought.

Some fond hope may yet reviving
Brighten my declining years,
Cease, O heart! thy vain repining,
Hopes are better far than fears.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HIGH written on the scroll of fame
Stands Lincoln's loved and honored name,
He came in time of sorest need
This nation's destinies to lead;
He came that wrongs might be redressed;
A Moses proved to the oppressed;
A Heaven-appointed, upright man
Was he, our Father Abraham.

What can I say of him? I ask,
My trembling hand shrinks from the task,
My heart is stirred by thoughts sublime,
But all too weak are words of mine
To paint in colors, true and fair,
The portrait of a soul so rare.
No monarch e'er on gilded throne
Such glowing qualities hath shown;
A heart to feel and skill to plan
Had our unequaled Abraham.

Each nation claims her mighty men,
France boasted a Napoleon
And Greece her Alexander great,
But men like those can never rate
With Lincoln, who with patriot hand
Sought but the good of native land.
He cherished no ambitious lust
We yielded with implicit trust
The helm of state to this great man,
Our glorious Father Abraham.

When dark and lowering was our sky,
And waves ran turbulent and high
With calm unflinching faith he came,
A tower of strength was Lincoln's name.
He stood as steadfast as a rock
No censure, wrath, or battle shock
E'er moved his purpose firm, assured
Which through our crucial time endured.
"Our trust is in the great I AM
And Right is Might," said Abraham.

The right prevailed, our helmsman fell!
And how we mourned him none can tell;

E'en childish hearts were well nigh broke,
Strong men in trembling accents spoke,
Rehearsed his kind and loving deeds
And how he felt for others' needs.
Ours is a land restored to peace
Where freedom's blessings still increase,
While he a martyr's grave has found
In henceforth consecrated ground,
Where nought can mar his peaceful sleep,
Where freedom's sons and daughters weep,
And say, as drops the grateful tear,
"Abraham Lincoln slumbers here."

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

THE evening is hushing the toil-wearied world,
And many-hued clouds in the west are unfurled;
I sit at the door of my plain, humble cot,
Sweet peace in my heart and content with my lot;
I forget I am weary or burdened with care,
For a sweet restful spirit is flooding the air.

As thus I sit pensively musing, behold!
The moon slowly drifts through the amber and gold,
And shedding her radiance over the scene
Envelops the whole with a silvery sheen.

I mark the pale glory, the soft, silver light,
And then I remember this queen of the night,
As fair and as pure as a maiden at prayer
Has witnessed full many a scene of despair;
Has shone on the field where the dying were left,
Has shone on the cot of the orphan bereft,

From her throne at the zenith has coldly looked down
On fields red with carnage, on battle-wrecked town,
On tents of the soldiers who slept on their arms
Environed by danger of sudden alarms.

Her beams often fell on the still open grave
As soldier boys buried a comrade so brave;
Looked in through the casement, illumined the room
Where the widow was sleeping unconscious of doom.
Musing on I grew sad lest this friend of my youth
Had recreant proved to her goodness and truth,

Since she unappalled still her radiance shed
And gazed so serenely on dying and dead.
Again I reflected that moonlight had brought
Its manifold blessings I'd counted as naught.

Though cold, calm and passionless, yet the fair moon
To sad lonely watchers was often a boon,
And if her pure light but a mockery seemed
When over such scenes as Antietam it streamed,
Yet often it cheered the poor sentry who stood
On lone picket duty in valley and wood;

And I have been told that the soldiers oft read
Their letters from home by the light which she shed.
At length I am comforted, as I reflect
The moon still has claims to my love and respect.

MEMORIAL DAY.

MEMORIAL day of our patriot dead,
Who in the cause of humanity bled,
Proudly we garland with blossoms their bed.

Where were there ever such heroes as ours?
Worthy, indeed, of homage and flowers!
Let the bright petals be scattered in showers!

Though they have slumbered for many long years,
Brighter, still brighter their record appears,
Fondly their loved ones now smile through their tears.

Let us remember the price which they paid
Who never disheartened, never dismayed,
All on the altar of liberty laid.

Give to the breeze the dear banner they loved,
The soul-stirring music to which they once moved;
Thus let our gratitude ever be proved.

Never forgotten, their valor shall live
Through coming ages, and lustre shall give
The crown which the victor at last shall receive.

OUR FLAG.

I STAND beneath the starry flag
With swelling heart and kindling eye,
Nor wonder that for its bright folds
So many heroes dared to die.
Oh, precious banner of the free!
What other land has flag like this?
Emblem of glorious liberty,
To die for thee were truly bliss!

Proudly it floats upon the breeze
Like living thing by passion swayed,
When dire calamities befall
It droops like one by grief dismayed.
When honored statesmen hence depart
Its colors hang in sorrows low
And flutter sadly at half mast
Portraying thus a nation's woe.

A fitting winding sheet, indeed,
For freedom's heroes has it been,
Who fought beneath its starry folds
To quell oppression, shame and sin.
On battle plain, o'er mountain top
Its colors always led the right,
Oh, triune flag! by Heaven was planned
Thy pattern of red, blue and white.

May coming generations love
And cherish well with patriot pride
The sacred folds of this dear flag
For which their fathers fought and died.
May cruel warfare never come
To spoil again our native land,
But may its stars forever gleam
Above a happy loving band.

COLUMBIA.

OUR minds revert four hundred years,
And now in retrospect appears
The navigator brave,
Who, standing on the shore of Spain,
Looked steadfastly across the main,
Longing to breast the wave.

A watery way unknown to men
Lay stretched before his piercing ken
And fired his noble breast
With purpose firm and courage high,
He bravely dared to do or die
For this his cherished art.

Deterred not by the scoffer's jeer,
He clasped the cause, to him so dear,
Still closer to his breast,
And o'er the mighty seas set sail
In little vessels weak and frail
Upon his daring quest.

What he discovered we now hold;
Columbus, crumbled into mould,
Beholdeth not our gain;
But on each lip his name we hear,
His memory, held forever dear,
Still fires the heart and brain.

That spirit, still from east to west,
Which filled the navigator's breast,
Pervades our native land.
The same unconquerable desire
Some great achievement to acquire
Is seen on every hand.

Columbia's sons and daughters true
With noble courage dare and do
In every righteous cause;
Free are her people as the air
Which floats her banner, proud and fair,
For Heaven has shaped her laws.

Columbus was the instrument
The mighty God of nations sent
To do His sovereign will,
He gave to him the clear foresight,
'Twas He who kept the ships aright
And safe from every ill.

Dearly we love our own fair land
And recognize His guiding hand
In ordering our ways,
And may He keep us in His care
A nation upright just and fair
Throughout all coming days.

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